

## 1976 Was A Very Good Year

The year 1976, in my opinion, was the best year I ever had, even topping what I had in 1971. In other words, the bicentennial year had to be my year, maybe because I was 16 years old. My summer could have started right after we got our yearbooks. Ironically, only 16 people signed the book, but some of them were sweat notes (for example Karen Fink, Julie Varley and Dori Smalley, whom we went on to sign everybody else's yearbook and then start a conversation into an embarrassment for me. I guess that's life for some Jewish guys. In other words, when it comes to the expression "Sweet Sixteen, and you've never been kissed," and there were close calls to that, very close calls). I managed to get out of that by cleaning up our classroom that day, and then went back to our Toyota. During that time, my mom and Nancy Loy (now Kahakauwila) were discussing the possibility of having me transfer to La Habra High School, simply because they had Driver's Ed, too. When we got home I found out that Stacie and Kim Kovacs were going to clean around the house that same day (June 9). They did everything they could on a not-so-hot day. At 6:00 I was listening to radio station KHL because Donny Osmond was in the studio that evening. Some of his records were playing.

Then we stopped off at Ida and Tony's house for about 15 minutes before heading off for the L. A. airport to pick Grandma up. Of course, I picked up my weekly issue of the Sporting News Magazine and started to read it. We had Ida along with us.

The next day we went to J. C. Penney's to get me a new pair of shoes right away because I wore the exact same pair throughout the school year. It also looked like I was going to buy a whole bunch of clothes for the 1976-77 season, but I didn't get too many clothes, anyhow. I will mention about clothing later on as this story continues.

Of course, my R. O. P. job was nothing other than printing with Ed Wright and Vicki Williams (since left). After the first day, I decided to change my mind and try working with ABC Shorthand. My mom wouldn't let me do that, however. While still a member of R. O. P., new looks at television shows made great appeals to me. It all started on June 22nd when I got Tiger Beat magazine from Albertson's and I went on to look at the bottom half of page 15. The article's headline read: "Getting to Know Those 'One Day at a Time' Girls!" That marked my debut of the 9:30 p.m. show that starred Valerie Bertinelli and Mackenzie Phillips. Val is now my favorite Tiger Beater. I also enjoyed myself watching the 1976 summer Olympics from Montreal, and the best part of all was watching Nadia Comaneci of Romania get a perfect score of ten seven times. Meanwhile, my work at R. O. P. was not the best in the world, as Mr. Wright asked me to leave my red radio at home, and I did just that.

Before I went to R. O. P., we had a phone call from Mrs. Mallory, my former teacher at Savanna, to tell me that I was going to return to Loara next year. That put an end to a possibility of going to another school the following year. It happened on June 17, the same day the American Basketball Association merged with the National Basketball Association.

I had a great time on our annual July 4th picnic where I did almost everything that I could. I even saw Dominica Waters for the first time since 1973. If I saw her father, Bill Waters, on that same day, it was to be the last time I saw him. Bill died a month later at the age of 38. The rest of his family moved back to New York 52 months later.

Also happening was the time that Nora and Jeff visited us in California. We went to the Beverly Hilton that day (July 20). It was such a lovely hotel simply because of the way it looked. Had we not lived in La Habra and just visited L. A., we would have stayed at that hotel, anyway.

We also made weekly visits to Jerry Goodman, our clinic specialist at the North Orange County Child Guidance Center, to talk about myself. One visit was cut short when Dad told me that Bill Waters passed away, so we excused him and went over to Dominica's house, where everything got clogged up.

But none of the things mentioned above are what the best part of my summer was all about.



If there was one thing that I enjoyed the most in the summer of '76, it would be about our vacation trip. Sure, I did such things as watching the All-Star Baseball game from Philadelphia, talk to friends outside and tape Donny Osmond albums, but nothing topped our 1976 vacation trip.

It all started back in June, or April, when we had a plan on traveling from Los Angeles to Denver. I did not want to travel more than 1200 miles away from home solely because of my friends and family. Then I decided to go to Huron, South Dakota because I had not seen Kim Eggleston since 1973. So much I wanted to see her I wrote a letter to Kim, and she wrote one back to me. Then I sent away for information on South Dakota. But there were no pictures of Huron, a city of over 14,000 residents that includes Charlie's Angels' Cheryl Ladd. However, we found out that there were no major routes that involved Huron, so we had to let both Kim Eggleston and the town go. Other plans included St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo., but we missed those places, too.

When the dust was finally cleared, we had a setup like this: Leave Friday morning, August 27, from La Habra, California, and sleep in Provo, Utah. Leave Provo the next day and sleep at Cheyenne, Wyoming. We'll take the rest of it in detail.

Starting with August 22, we went to Puente Hills Mall and I bought a book called "Ode to Billy Joe." I saw the movie version of it later on that night, and when it was over, we went to Marie Callender's. I loved "Billy Joe" so much, I looked at the book night after night. And my dreams were successful, dreaming about different female persons. On August 26, we did what we quite often did in the summertime—swim at Grandma's pool. By that time, I was tired of eating such foods as hamburgers, french fries, grilled cheese sandwiches and hot dogs, because I wanted to try new foods on our vacation trip. Chances started off rocky. Nancy Loy came over to Grandma's house to talk about my upcoming vacation trip as well as my upcoming school year. Not long after June 9 I had bought a zipper pouch at Gilbert's. Then I learned that the Anaheim Union High School District was cutting the number of school periods from six to five. All in all, Nancy's visit was one great way to finish up the final day before the '76 vacation. In recent days we packed up a lot of stuff including books, Flair pens, my radio, and my tape cassette. We also packed up shoes, shirts, socks, belts, underwear, pants, shorts, jackets, and toiletries. I stopped packing at 8:00 p.m. Why? Because there was a young girl (or blonde) who said she was from California, but actually came from Lubbock, Texas. No, it wasn't Farrah Fawcett. It was Bambi Foster, who made her appearance on "Welcome Back, Kotter." I almost fainted when I saw her! After the show was over, I continued packing. To do that, I turned on my radio and put on out-of-town stations and heard such songs as "Don't Go Breaking My Heart." I had found out that we were to be going to Chicago and New York and drive. We had plans to fly to the Windy City and rent a car there; that car would take us to N. Y. and then go reverse. I was so excited about New York I failed to dream.

And now, with my stuff packed in the back of the car and our suitcases in the car, let's take it one day at a time.

Friday, August 27. It was after 3 in the morning when Mom asked me to get up. Dad and I took turns using the shower. I had "Sounds of Silence" playing on KRLA. After we got dressed, I checked around the house to make sure that all electricity plugs were removed. We also made sure that our neighbors would take care of the mail and Avon.

By 4:30 a.m. we left 701 N. Laura St. We started our 1976 vacation trip by stopping at Yum Yum Donut Shop to pick up some doughnuts for the trip. Then we went on the road. Since I used my radio almost all the time, I will mention anything that I heard on it as I am writing this story. To start it off, I heard "Little Things" by Bobby Goldsboro on radio station KBOI from Boise, Idaho (670).



The first route that we took was Interstate 15. As soon as dawn came, I started to play the license plate game for the fourth straight year. I tried to get a 1976 license plate book at Puente Hills Mall, but they just didn't have it. So I had to use the box which had my original 5-band radio inside to put all the states down. Using the states in the order of a BankAmericard commercial, I erased a state when it matched the license plate. As expected, I started it off with California.

After passing San Bernardino (where the KCKC radio tower was) and Riverside, we made our first stop in Barstow, Cal. It was at the Bun Boy restaurant where we had breakfast. There were two new foods that I tried there. They were sausages and tomato juice. I may have also tried bacon there. Anyway, they were very delicious. But that was not all I noticed. I also found out that one of the Bun Boy waitresses was buying Avon. Unfortunately for Mom, the buyer had her own representative.

From that time on in California, finding other radio stations was tough. All I could try was KAVR (960) from Apple Valley. So I started to work on my cross-word puzzles. I used a purple Flair pen for that, because purple was my favorite color at that time. What do you say to that, Donny?

Now we were at Nevada. Usually, when we headed for Las Vegas, we would see the following signs: "In New York, it's Lindy's; in Las Vegas, it's Foxy's." I did not believe we saw those signs a year ago. We first stopped at the stateline border to get a drink of water. I went inside the souvenir shop and saw a juke-box full of record selections, including Donny and Marie Osmond's "I'm Leaving It Up To You."

When we go on vacation trips, we pass by beautiful mountains. Such as the case in Jean, Nevada, where one mountain beared the name of that small town. At 11:00 in the morning, I had on Las Vegas radio station KRAM (1340). It was NBC News. About 4½ minutes later, NBC News told me that the Big Ben clock in London was working again. It had stopped working for about three weeks. After the news, the station was playing "Ode to Billy Joe" because Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor were making that film not too long ago. Bobbie Gentry was the singer. I also saw a billboard sign near Vegas featuring on America's newest hotshot--citizens band radio.

Minutes later we arrived in Las Vegas. We came to town there for the 4th straight year. And for the fourth straight year, we entered the Circus Circus hotel. It was all smiles during the time we were inside. Since I was still too young for gambling (Mom didn't win \$10.00 that time), I came upstairs to the pin-ball machines to prove that "blondes have more fun." They might have not had much fun losing on pinball machines or trying hard, but they surely looked pretty! In fact, I had one thought in mind. If I wanted to do singing as a career, I would change my name to Pinky Brewer. Why Pinky Brewer? Because pink was one of my favorite colors, and Uncle Irving's family (Aunt Betty, cousins Richard and Adrian and dog Ginger) came from Milwaukee, and brewing beer is what makes Milwaukee famous.

Oh, yes, I forgot to say something. The car that we used for our 1976 vacation trip was a Ford LTD. Dad was renting the car all the time in the two years that we had it. He was renting the car from Ford Motor Company. There were no handles to open the back windows with. I got worried when Dad opened his window because of so much stuff in the back. And Dad couldn't help that. It was 94 degrees in Las Vegas that day, so Dad locked the car with a portion of his window open, to let some air get in.

When we got out of Circus Circus, we stopped at North Las Vegas because Dad had to see someone important to him. But I liked what was inside that office there, though I couldn't remember what. I tried to take a picture of Vegas, but I just had no time at all to do so.

There was particularly nothing else going on in the balance of Nevada. I simply had my radio on finding out-of-town stations. So we now say goodbye to Nevada and hello to Utah.



Yes, we came to Utah for the second time in two years (when we drove to Salt Lake City in 1975)--and it was more pleasant than ever. The first thing we did when we got to Utah was to change our clocks and move them ahead one hour--because of Mountain Standard Time. Our first stop in Utah was at a restaurant in St. George. I don't remember what I ate there, but I believe that my meal had included soup. I don't remember the waitress' name, either. But I loved the setup. They had football schedules for Brigham Young University games, I believe. For the first time on the trip, I bought picture postcards for Las Vegas and the State of Utah. After we got back into the LTD, I looked at the Utah postcards and felt a little puzzled. The picture of the Salt Palace was obtained by paint instead of camera because the copyright said 1969. The Salt Palace did not open until 1970.

Later on, we stopped at a gas station--I believe it was close to St. George. By that time, I heard a song that I had on my Donny Osmond tapes. It was called "Burning Bridges." The artist was known as the Mike Curb Congregation. They did the original version of that mentioned song. Donny does a lot of take-off songs. I looked at the big mileage chart to see how many miles we were away from Los Angeles.

By the time 6:00 came, I started to use the VHF dial on my radio, hopefully to find the ABC-TV station nearby. The closest ABC-TV station to Provo was KCPX-TV in Salt Lake City. But I didn't get it at all. I got KUED (PBS), on the Channel 7 dial. So my radio gets Channel 7 automatically. What I wanted on the radio was the Donny & Marie show. That's what happened when we reached 7 p.m. We were still driving to Provo.

At about 7:45 p.m. we made it to Provo at last. The first place that I saw was the stadium home for Brigham Young University. I may have also seen some beautiful ranches, certainly not the Osmonds'. Just a few minutes before 8 p.m., we arrived at the Royal Inn Motel. The place had a beautiful setup--it was all beautiful in Provo except for two things. I missed the Donny & Marie show and we didn't get a purple room. We wound up getting a gray room with pink carpeting inside.

After making the reservations out for one night and then taking our stuff into the room, we went into the restaurant and ordered dinner. Again, I can't remember what we ordered that evening. But we had respect. That's because we were sitting next to a couple who had a beautiful baby named Alicia. She was born on June 27, 1976 and I was teasing my parents that my nephew Joshua just got a girlfriend. Joshua was almost ten weeks old when we saw Alicia. While the conversation was going on, records started playing in the dining room. The Carpenters came first, with such songs as "Close to You," "Goodbye to Love," "We've Only Just Begun" and "Superstar." Next, came an album that featured the greatest hits by Diana Ross. In the background was "Last Time I Saw Him," "Do You Know Where You're Going To?" and the long version of "Love Hangover," a song that was not released too many months ago. Our waitress was one that we could talk to for hours. Dad said that the waitress looked just like Bernadette Peters. So the place was, in just one word, beautiful.

After eating, we decided to take a walk around the place and do quite a bit of talking. When I saw a North Carolina license plate, it had the slogan "First in Freedom." I finally knew why they put it. It was in Halifax, North Carolina where the Declaration of Independence was originally signed, thus being the first place to have freedom. I eventually walked down the street to see what was going on. What went on was that there were quite a few cars pulling into the A & W drive-in because the guys were taking their girlfriends out.

When we finished walking, we came back to our gray room. Mom said that the pink carpeting looked purple to her. I turned on the TV set to see a crazy commercial on Mountain Bell Telephone. I don't remember what was happening on my radio, but I did manage to finish the Bible Crossword puzzle. Soon I found



## 1976 Was A Very Good Year (continued)

Page 65 in the September 1976 issue of Tiger Beat magazine and read where it said "Getting Along All of the Time," featuring Valerie Bertinelli and Mackenzie Phillips, who were asked if they fight against each other. But just after that, my parents and I were talking about where we would sleep the next night. We decided for Saturday night to sleep in North Platte, Nebraska because Dad felt it would rather take him three days instead of four to get to Chicago. Originally scheduled for August 28, 1976 was a good night's sleep at Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was sorry for my inability to experience my first sleep ever in the state of Wyoming.

Hours after getting ready for bed, I had sweet dreams. It turned out to be a dream about Lenore. Who was Lenore? She was the young blonde girl who wanted us to try a sample of her cookies that she was selling for the Bicentennial picnic. They tasted good. The cookies were not the only thing that interested me; it was Lenore, too, who caught my eyes. It stayed that way for about two months, even though I only saw her occasionally. When she was not working at Albertson's, where I was in my dream, I got worried. But on one Sunday I saw her sweep the place and then we went to Los Angeles. I never saw Lenore again. Any thoughts about dating Lenore had dried up, too.

Saturday, August 28. I was coming off of a day when I found about 30 different license plates, including California, Nevada and Utah, because we stopped at all those places. We were now going into the second day of our long trip.

What I usually did at home when I take a shower is shower, put on deodorant, comb my hair, brush my teeth and put on Foot Guard all while I get dressed. And I have my radio going. But on vacation trips, I do not have the radio going. So that same thing happened in Provo.

We went to the coffee shop at the motel to order breakfast. Guess who our waitress was that morning? It was the Bernadette Peters look-alike waitress again. During the time we were at the breakfast table, I was looking over a booklet that featured many of the adventures that happened throughout Provo. On the back cover it mentioned that Provo was the home of Donny and Marie Osmond, Robert Redford (who was working with Dustin Hoffman in "All The President's Men"), and a famous golfer whose name I could not remember. It could have been Bob Hope. I did not feel very surprised to find out that we sat on purple seats. A matter of minutes after 8:00 a.m. we said good-bye to everybody at the Royal Inn Motor Motel.

And now we drove across the street to Brigham Young University. To add a little pleasure, I put on my tape cassette marked "The Donny Osmond Album." The following songs included in his first album were "Sweet and Innocent," "I'm Your Puppet," "Hey Little Girl," "Don't Say No," "So Shy," "Lollipops, Lace and Lipstick," "Flirtin'," "Burning Bridges," "The Wild Rover (Time to Ride)," and "Wake Up, Little Susie." Many of those songs had been done by original artists. So would "Lollipops, Lace and Lipstick," because of the part "So today I make this girl my wife...". If Donny recorded that song in Quebec City, maybe it was he who did the original. But while all those songs were playing, we stopped frequently and took as many pictures on the campus as we could. Involved in all that campus work was Joseph Smith (not our Rabbi, because Utah is a Mormon state). Of course, I did not forget to take a picture of the front of B. Y. U. The president's home was there, too.

Right now we went outside of Provo because we wanted to take a few pictures of colorful mountains. We did that. Then we were looking for a local food store around because my parents wanted to pick up a few items. Something seemed wrong with me, but I just couldn't remember what. What Mom and Dad picked up at the store was Biscos wafers and Dixie Guinness World Record Cups. The cups were dated up to February, 1975. It was very sweet of my parents to get those cups for me, don't you think?

For quite some time I had my radio playing in the back seat of the Ford LTD, but I couldn't remember what. On Friday I hardly picked up any sports reports since we left our house. Then something turned me on. When the announcer gave me the sports scores for major league baseball on the previous day, I knew that I would get excited about something. Such as the case of Randy Jones, whom



I picked to win the National League's 1976 Cy Young Award before the season started. On August 27, the San Diego Padres' sinkerball specialist shut out the Montreal Expos, 2-0, for his 20th win. For Montreal, it was their 12th straight loss. While Jones continued to be successful, the Dodgers beat the Mets, 5-2, while the Angels lost to the Yankees, 5-0, in 15 innings. At the time the baseball scores were given, we were going on a new highway: Interstate 80.

Once more we went back on the road as usual, traveling through mountains and freeways. While doing so I heard a brand new commercial on a radio station, probably from Wyoming. Some lines went like this: "Twice upon a time there were two twins, Will and Phil..." "I've got mine! No, I've got mine!" The announcer later read on: "A Phil and his money are soon parted. Whenever there's a way, there's a Will." The commercial was sponsored by Fotomat.

At around 11:00 in the morning, we were in beautiful Wyoming. There was nothing much to say about at first, except that rock music stations were tough to find--particularly because Wyoming had lots of country music to live by. Or is it travel by?

But at noontime we were in a town called Rock Springs. I believed that our first stop was at a gas station. While the pumps were filling up, Dad told us that Rock Springs was the place to eat lunch. It was at a motel where we stopped at. The parking lot was loaded with Wyoming licensed drivers. Wyoming license plates read: "The Spirit of '76--In the American West." The name of the hotel was the Outlaw Inn, which is a member of the Best Western Motels.

We loved every minute of that hotel just as soon as we got in. The first item I saw was a mileage wheel that was showing how far we were away from Los Angeles, as well as other cities. We seemed to be more than 800 miles away from home. Then we went into the coffeeshop and ordered our daily lunches. Crazy things do happen, of course, as our waitress might have asked us what was going on with us. We told them that we were traveling across the country. I had a chance to buy a picture postcard that welcomed travelers to Wyoming, with its famous symbol, the Bucking Bronco. That failed to happen. Because we had free time, we decided to have a look around the place.

For the first time on our vacation trip, I decided to have serious looks at jewelry. There was hardly anything much on boys' jewelry, however, so I let that go. Next, I tried cowboy hats, but then I wanted a delay on that, too. The rest of the wearing outfits particularly belonged to girls. In a mini-department store located in the middle of an indoor motel, I had one last chance. Books. I first saw a book on South Dakota, where once more I couldn't find a picture of Huron--except for Kimmy Eggleston in my wallet. They showed pictures of what one picture looked like in the 1880's and another in the 1960's. If I could remember, they might have also had books on World War I. Finally, I saw a swimming pool where the furthest you could go down is the furthest I could go down--five feet deep. I wished that we could have stayed long enough to take a little swim, but we had to go back on Interstate 80 shortly. Perhaps that Mom and Dad should have promised me that the next time we go back to Rock Springs, we would stop at the Outlaw Inn and swim--if all goes well.

As we returned to the I-80 highway, I turned my radio on and heard a ball game which seemed to be a Little League game. I guessed that Rock Springs had participated in the game. I heard it at the gas station and then again after that stop at the beautiful motel. While hearing the baseball game, I started reading "The Osmond Story," a book that had the Osmond family talk about how well their lives had been. I mainly read the parts about Donny, who seemed to survive big mobs and overcome autograph signings. The ball game, incidentally, might have been heard on Rock Springs radio station KKKK (1360). At the end of the game, the best music I could find, like I said, was country.

Around 3:30 p.m. we stopped at another gas station, but that was no big deal. Adjacent to the gas station, I believed, was a building where Mom and I went inside to play Electronic Ping-Pong. It was no contest at all in the quarter-inserted game, as I dominated both my offense and defense. Maybe she ought to take ping-pong lessons electronically. Then it was back on I-80 again.



About 15 to 20 minutes on the way to Cheyenne, I tried a new kind of fad: work Diagramless crossword puzzles without having the benefit of looking in the answer section. What I would do is find out which squares were black, or in my case, purple, without checking in the back of the book. It was quite easy on the first Diagramless puzzle, anyway. Of course, the position of squares on one corner will have the same space on the other corner when turned around. At the same time, we may have been looking for a way to get to Cheyenne, which we eventually found. Also what happened on my radio was that Curt Gowdy, the famous NBC-TV sportscaster and the pride of Wyoming, was doing a commercial about Laramie.

The time was now 5:00 p.m. and we have arrived in Cheyenne. I was listening to a Denver Broncos-St. Louis Cardinals NFL exhibition game. But more important than that, as Dad had promised me, we were looking for directions in getting to the state capitol. Cheyenne was the first capital city that we hit in our 1976 vacation trip. The building was located on Capitol Avenue between 24th and 25th streets. Too late for us to go in, not only because it was closed and that we wanted to sleep this night in North Platte, Nebraska, we had to settle for three simple pictures of the capitol. In one of them, Mom was standing next to a statue of a woman, which meant that women had the right to vote. That's why Wyoming got its official nickname of "The Equality State."

After a brief stop at the capitol, we returned to I-80, and I returned to my J. C. Penney radio and the football game. And we started to pass by the remainder of Wyoming. At 6:00 p.m. we were entering Nebraska--in a sweet way. On a radio station from the same state was a Linda Ronstadt number ("That'll Be The Day," originally recorded by the late Buddy Holly"), but that was not all. I also saw a driver who came from the state of Delaware. It was one of the drivers who went to some type of convention from Nebraska. I guess he was going back home to Wilmington, Delaware, where they were legally betting on NFL football games. Of course, it was also the birthplace of Valerie Bertinelli. I might have also seen a Nebraska convention car. So I said to myself, "Where's the one from California?" But I called that a beautiful way to come to Nebraska.

Nighttime meant time for big league baseball once again. The first game I turned to was the Minnesota Twins vs. the Cleveland Indians, where the starting pitchers were Bill Singer and Pat Dobson. Since those two starters were having a big battle for quite a long time, I decided to switch to the game between the Texas Rangers and the Baltimore Orioles. Then a switch to my favorite Nebraska radio station, KRVN (880) in Lexington. I have heard it since 1974 and it seems quite interesting. When it came to news time, they tell me what has happened around Lexington and the rest of Nebraska. Then they tell me what has been going on around the nation and around the world. The latter two is also heard on the American Entertainment Network, a service of ABC News. When it came to the weather report, the announcer would tell me what the weather would be for these regions in order: Central Nebraska, Western Nebraska, Eastern Nebraska, Southern South Dakota, Eastern Wyoming, Northeast Colorado, and Kansas. He then would repeat the weather for Central Nebraska, but at the end he would tell me the current tempature, humidity and barometric pressure. Soon I turned to WOAI (1200) from San Antonio, Texas, to hear a Houston Oilers' road game. I can remember at a time when the Oilers' play-by-play announcer was asking for a station break. This is what the announcer of WOAI said: "Hear the NFL Houston Oilers on WOAI, San Antonio." Still radio crazy, I changed the dial to KRLD (1080) from Dallas, Texas, for the Dallas Cowboys-Pittsburgh Steelers game. By the way the Texas-Baltimore game was on country music station WBAP (820) in Fort Worth, Texas, while the Minnesota at Cleveland game was one notch down on WCCO (830), Minneapolis, Minnesota. One other football game I picked up involved Cincinnati and New Orleans. All of that happened while we changed our clocks and watches once again and move them ahead one more hour since we were now going with Central Standard Time.

After all that time trying to settle down on one game on the radio, we were close to a town called Ogallala, Nebraska. I first listened to the conclusion of the Bengals-Saints game, in which New Orleans, under new coach Hank Stram, beat



Cincinnati, under new coach Bill Johnson, 13-10. I heard the post-game show (I believe it was on WLW 700 from Cincinnati, but it might have been elsewhere) to hear the comments about the New Orleans Saints, whom I hoped that they would show progress to the rest of the NFL. Instead, the Saints were on their way to their 10th straight losing season. Then, after switching back to Texas-Baltimore for the last time, we came to Ogallala. The ball game was over, the Orioles won 6-4, and then after announcer Dick Risenhoover reminded Ranger listeners to stay tuned for the post-game show, the sponsors of the ball game were given out. That's when we stopped at the Ramada Inn. I believed that the Cowboys beat the Steelers, while I failed to get the score of the Oilers' game. But for now, we were hungry.

We went into the coffeeshop section of the Ramada Inn and sat down. I had quite an impression since. Now that 9:30 p.m. has passed, our waitress' name was Dawn. The food that we ate was good-looking, and so was Dawn. She looked like a waitress who was ready to enter her junior year of high school. One of the other waitresses looked like nothing more than a 14-year-old female minor. But it was a very great stop.

Actually, I thought that the Cincinnati-New Orleans game was still going on even after eating out-of-town.

It didn't take that long to flirt with my radio again as we continued on our way to North Platte, Nebraska. We didn't arrive at the motel until 11:30 at night. We didn't get that much stuff out from the LTD, anyhow, because of the time that we got there.

We took a look at what was going on downstairs. In the background was a local band playing the tune of "Get Up And Boogie." That song was recorded by the Silver Convention. There was a magazine stand, too. Yes, I did happen to see Tiger Beat, but my favorite was still Donny Osmond. We finally went upstairs to our room just before midnight.

When we got upstairs, I first looked at the city lights and proved that North Platte was a beautiful. Then we went into our room, where my parents were talking about Chicago. Actually, it was to be in a town near the Windy City. Finally, we went to sleep even though the lights, which had to be turned on for other people, bothered me a bit.

Sunday, August 29. That was the date when I had yet another sweet dream that became sour reality three months before. I'm talking about Laurie Skelton. Born on August 8, 1960 in Garden Grove, California, Laurie was one of the easiest people that I could talk to, especially in my Algebra One classroom. In fact, on her second half classes schedule, I once took every one of her subjects, which were Gregg Shorthand, Algebra One, P. E., Drivers Ed, Typing, and English. I had so much respect for Laurie I even went to my classes by her directions. Yet it was the latter part that bugged Laurie so much, she told me quite a few times that she already had a boyfriend by the name of Ron—since 1973. I stopped going her way on May 28, 1976.

But in the dream it was okay as Laurie and I were working together in the Audio-Visual section of the room. Now isn't that nice for a change?

Anyway, to start our third day, we got up at 6:00 in the morning, and by surprise, turned on the wall radio that featured the abbreviations N. B. C. That stands for the National Broadcasting Company. I switched to the NBC dial (the N symbol actually came from Nebraska) to get the news and farm reports. They also gave me about what was happening in Nebraska. By the way, the name of the hotel that we stayed at was called the North Platte Holiday Inn Motel. The staying of Holiday Inns was to be our habit from that point on. So, after a mixed combination of two showers and a bath, and then getting dressed, we went downstairs to the coffeeshop. For that morning, our waitress's first name was Beatrice, same as Mom's. Once again we hit waitresses who looked like they were still attending their respective high schools. As far as breakfast was concerned, I thought that I had at least bacon and tomato juice. Nothing, not even H. S. waitresses, embarrassed me at all.

Another thing was that the name of the place where "Get Up And Boogie" was played was at the Red Fox Tavern.

Then we went inside the Solar Dome and saw such interests as pinball machines, hotel rooms, swimming pool, saunas, and the exercise room. Dad asked me if I



wanted to play on one of the pinball machines, which started to use computerized numbers, but I said no thanks. But for now it was bye-bye motel.

Not for North Platte right away with us involved. Dad had to stop at a gas station nearby, probably a Union 76 station. On one of the local stations on my radio was a reminder to hear the play-by-play for the University of Nebraska football games.

Now that we paid for the gasoline, we once again got back on Interstate 80. But just minutes later, about 20 to 25 minutes approximately, something went wrong. The J. C. Penney Solid State 5-band radio, with its features of AM, Shortwave, FM, Air and Police dials, had one of its wires snapped, and eventually broke. That seemed to clog me up a bit, not only because of the heat, but because of the broken radio. I did try other dial bands, but they were simply no good, either. It was kind of tough to go on a vacation trip without music.

We stopped at a rest area around Grand Island, Nebraska. What we did do was walk around some wonderful trees and some beautiful brooks, if I said it right. I said that we needed such a walking exercise as that. No surprise about our conversations at all. I took a bumper sticker that read: "Make the Bicentennial Year a Safe Year." So far, we not only made the bicentennial year a safe year, we made it a sweet year, too. I also took a bicentennial booklet about the state of Nebraska. Even though there were no area codes of 213 or 714 there, I looked through both telephone books for points of interest. So that's what we did around Grand Island.

If there was to be any music from the time my radio broke to the time we got to Iowa, it had to be from my Donny Osmond tapes which covered four sides. When there was no music, we would play "Twenty Questions." To play it we think of a person, place or thing. Then we ask questions and have the thinker respond with "yes" or "no," and we keep doing that until the answer is solved, or until we get to question No. 20. By that time, we must give out the answer. It didn't always work that way when we played it.

We had stopped at one other rest area in Nebraska, but that was long forgotten, except maybe for a stop at the bathroom or a drink of water, or even just looking at the phone book.

And now we have arrived at Lincoln, Nebraska. The weather was somewhere between 85 and 90 degrees, yet I had a jacket on. As expected, our first stop was at the state capitol building. But two things worried me, one because Dad asked me why would I wear a long-sleeved shirt on such a hot day. Well, the reason why I did that was because I did not want my watch to be seen while with masking tape, but I had got a new watchband since. Part of the other watchband broke on December 10, 1975. The other thing that bugged me was when Dad would pat me, because at that time I only believed that girls would touch boys, and vice-versa.

You better believe it, that capitol is such a tall building! That was my opinion after Dad took a picture, along with Mom, myself, and those beautiful waterfalls.

Father next decided to go down the street where the University of Nebraska campus was located at. We would also pass by the stadium where their football team performs at. It was a real big stadium!

Subsequently, we actually did pass by the town of Omaha, but there wasn't much to see except big buildings of private companies. But it was a great town to travel by.

Goodbye Nebraska. Hello Iowa. Let us see what beauty there is in Corntown. I didn't remember what town it was, but we stopped at a restaurant that we have loved so far. It was in a town about miles and miles away from Des Moines. In that restaurant were some real points of interest. There was a book to every seat in the place. The one in front of me had John F. Kennedy involved in that book. Sorry, it wasn't free. I guess that the food that we ate did not mean much to me. What I enjoyed most of all was the souvenir shop that was right



next to that restaurant. I saw souvenir key chains, picture postcards, personality books, C. B. stickers, personalized items, and so on. Since I already had been talking to myself about marriage, I wanted to buy a book about love. Why not? Some 16-year-olds would do that. But that was not to be. Dad said that I was still too young to read such a book like that. Instead of a book on love, I had to settle for Iowa postcards. Parenthetically, I also bought Nebraska postcards at the Holiday Inn in North Platte earlier on this day. We also bought some souvenirs for my nephew Danny and my niece Rebecca, because we were going to their Oak Park, Illinois home that night.

After stopping at a restaurant in which I believed it had "cottage" in its name, I started to read what was on the Dixie Cups. One cup mentioned about a Miss America contest that happened many years ago. You guessed it--the winner was one with blue eyes and blonde hair. That was no big deal.

There was nothing else much in particular until we were about to get set into Des Moines. The time of arrival was around 4:45 p.m. That's when we stopped at our third capital city, Des Moines, Iowa. Dad and I each took a picture of the golden-domed building. The one that Dad took had me standing next to my mother, who was standing next to our Ford LTD.

For the years of 1974, 1975, 1976, I am noticed with so much stuff in the back seat which was why I did not want to have Dad keep his window open too much. Then Dad did a crazy thing and moved Mom into the back seat and me into the front seat so that I could listen to our car radio, which was temporary replacing my broken 5-bander. It surely looked weird, but we tried it, anyway.

And trying that idea paid off. I tuned to radio station WOW (590) from Omaha, Nebraska. Guess who was singing? It was the Osmonds, who were recording "One Bad Apple," their first song ever for the brothers. The recording came in 1971. I believed that we were still in Des Moines because we were stopping at another Union 76 gas station. Since getting our windows washed and windshields cleaned, I changed radio stations again. This time it was KCMO (810), which definitely would have to stand for Kansas City, Missouri, and that was where the station came from.

I forgot to mention that on the previous night, I heard a new song on an AM station from Nebraska. The name of the song was "Love Is Thin Ice," with Barbara Mandrell as the singer. That followed by a song with Bambi in its name.

Anyway, when it comes to music, Dad would think of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra, Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison, and Bing Crosby, just to name a few. When I think of music, I would usually think of Donny and Marie Osmond, Linda Ronstadt, Olivia-Newton John, The Eagles, Peter Frampton, Elton John, the Stylistics, and so on. So when KCMO was playing "Say You Love Me," I would tell Dad that it was Fleetwood Mac on the radio. "Who is Fleetwood Mac?" Dad asked. "The name of the group on the radio right now," I replied. He did not know anything much about acid rock, except that it was terrible. On Halloween weekend in October, 1976, Dad was watching the Paul Lynde Halloween Special on Channel 7. When he saw the group KISS, he shouted, "What the hell is that?" After their singing, he said "That's the most TERRIBLE group I've ever seen!" In my opinion, I thought that KISS was nothing but a bunch of cigarette smokers and beer drinkers. That's why I don't have a particular care for FM acid (or garbage) rock music.

I must have also heard the news from a radio station in South Dakota, where we never made it in 1976. I didn't seem heartbroken for not seeing Kim Eggleston.

Some time during this day, we stopped at a rest area in Iowa where I picked up a state map, a brochure about an Amana Home in Homestead, Iowa, and a pamphlet on Amana Colonies and its seven villages. It must have been near Amana Colonies.

We soon passed by a sign that said Ladora. If I ever got married and had kids, I would choose Ladora for the name of my demanded first baby daughter. But for now, it's one step at a time.



Just before the beautiful sunset, we made our last stop in the state of Iowa: Iowa City. That was the place where my brother Alan went to college, at the University of Iowa. There he met a girl who was to be his wife eventually, a girl by the name of Shirley Eva Swift. The two were married at a Chicago wedding on August 14, 1966, and I was there! It also was my first wedding ever, and I should have known more about it, because I fell asleep there. A drive through the campus and a pamphlet about the college was one nice thing to do to see Alan and Shirley.

One other major city in Iowa we passed by was Davenport, but we hardly did much there. So we would now be closing the books on Iowa and opening our eyes for Illinois.

There was nothing much that we could do between the time we got to Illinois and the time we made it to Chicago. All I could do was move into the back seat and have my mom sit up front. That happened after getting some gas particularly around Rock Island. Then we started to play "Twenty Questions" again. In Dad's turn, we have gone more than twenty questions before we came up with the answer of Colonel Sanders. I made a smart move by guessing the first letter of the last name, which happened to be S. I was thinking of L as its first initial, because I thought of such spellouts as Laurie Skelton and Louisiana Superdome. But Dad said that that person's first name was seldom used, so I was incorrect. All I could use for music was "Donny Osmond--My Best to You." All of this happened while passing by such cities as Peoria and Joliet.

It wasn't until after 11:00 p.m. that we have made it to Chicago. And what a beautiful place to travel by! What I saw throughout the Windy City was the trains that were going from one direction to another. I even loved it when we were tunneling under a Howard Johnson's restaurant. Though my mom doesn't care for Howard Johnson's, I would like to go back to Chicago someday and eat up there and watch all the cars coming and going.

Within minutes we have arrived at Oak Park. The first stop we were at was Alan and Shirley's house, naturally. But we were not sure if they were home. So we rode down to the police station and called them up. To avoid getting nervous, I colored football uniforms in my 1976 Pro Football book which was edited by Zander Hollander. Meanwhile, we called my brother up and found out that he was home with Shirley, so all was fine.

Monday, August 30. "Guess who's here, Danny?" Grandpa Milt (Dad) asked my nephew. "It's Uncle Marty!" Danny cried.

That was part of the brief conversation between my father and my nephew Danny after we came back to 630 S. Cuyler Dr., which was Alan's home by then. So it took us less than 72 hours to get from my own house to Danny's ancient home, because of the way it looks. Being that we arrived on what was now the fourth day of our vacation trip, I tried to get to bed just as soon as I got in. I had to use Danny's bed with the Peanuts characters on them, and to me, it was not quite as comfortable as it was my own bed or the Provo and North Platte beds, solely because my radio broke the other day. It was hard to breathe any air in that bedroom, too. So, for the first time since I purchased the "Ode to Billy Joe" book, there were no girls involved in my dreams. It just got, in two words, clogged up.

But there was music in the house, however. That came from their playing organ as the rock beat was going. I heard it all the way from Danny's room, and that now carried on to daylight. And guess who was playing the organ that morning? It was my niece Rebecca. And Alan, who would take his car to work every morning to be concerned on dentist work at Cook County Hospital, decided to take the day off. So I went into a shower that was decorated with stuff that was used by Danny and Rebecca. It really was tough to take a shower there, anyway. If this is right, I had to leave my morning clothes in the bathroom every night. As for Becca, who frequently got stubborn, she played "Mickey Mouse."

Because of the fact that we were on Central time, shows that are seen in local times on the West Coast would be seen in local time in Chicago one hour earlier. That was one thing we had to get adjusted to.



For breakfast that morning, I ate artificially flavored Trix cereal, because that was the only thing they might have had. I probably got embarrassed by that since I got so tired of eating kids' cereals, because they had so much sugar in them. I was sitting with Danny and Rebecca.

Then I saw an 8-digit calculator that belonged to Danny. It was so interesting, my nephew and I played with that real machine for a few minutes.

When it came to newspapers, Alan and Shirley got the Chicago Sun-Times every day. The paper looked like the size of a Sporting News Magazine. So I started to read the sports section in that paper as many times as I could. I first saw the August 30 paper and read about this article: "Hamilton Saves Sox Again." That was the feature of the White Sox' 2-0 win over the Brewers at Milwaukee, where we would be going to tomorrow. Over at Wrigley Field, the Cubs beat the Atlanta Braves, 3-2. And some good news for Montreal: the Expos won their second game in a row to boost their victory total to 43. For many days, it was 41. They shut out San Diego 3-0.

In the morning, I played Danny's organ and loved every minute of it, even though it was hard to use the headsets so that no one else could hear. One song I played was "Loves Me Like a Rock." I might have also played "Michelle." No, I didn't understand the notes of "One Day at a Time," the TV show. Danny only knew how to play "Mickey Mouse" and "Hot Cross Buns." The organ could combine up to ten different instruments and use five different beats of music. It reminded me of the organ that was used at old Jarry Park in Montreal, where the Expos played.

At the same time, we started to take out the toys we decided to give to Danny, both of which I used to own. One was a chemistry set that I received from Alan in 1973 as a Hanukkah present, but was never used. The other was a football that I got from Bobby, my other brother, on March 24, 1974. Danny could use his chemistry set on one condition--that Alan had worked with him.

At 9:30 a.m. we were watching "Celebrity Sweepstakes" on WMAQ-TV Channel 5 (NBC). On the show was the lovely Carol Wayne, who was usually a favored celeb. I did an interesting thing during the commercials. What I would do is play the organ by the time the money-making ads are shown, and then shut it off after the last commercial. When Jim McKrell, the host of "Celebrity Sweepstakes," reminded the home audience that the home stretch was the very next attraction, I played "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The rules of that game were as follows: Each member of the studio audience chose one of the six buttons to indicate the chances of getting the correct answer from a celebrity for a contestant. If the contestant answered correctly, he would add to his amount the bet made multiplied by the celebrity's odds. If he answered wrong, he would simply lose his bet. At the end of the show, the contestant with the most money would win--and return to the next show. If he won three times in a row, he would receive a new car.

Then at 10:00 a.m. the Wheel of Fortune was on. In that show, three contestants spin a roulette wheel to guess which letters are in the word or phrase. If that letter is on the board, the contestant goes again. His turn ends when he guesses the incorrect letter, spins the loss of a turn or gets bankrupt. Host Chuck Woolery knows the rest of the game show, so I won't type about it.

Now it was 10:30 a.m., and Danny's favorite show, "Happy Days," was on. He liked "Fonzie" so much, Shirley bought him several tee-shirts with the Fonz on them. Of course, that was a comedy show that dated back to the 1950's.

I might have watched "Hot Seat" after that. Then we started to get ready to leave the house because we were going to be in downtown Chicago that day. So we all got set at around noon.

It was really crazy to fit seven people in one car, but that worked, anyway. Alan drove down Cuyler Blvd., then made a turn through a store where CB radios were sold, and within a few minutes after taking a look at what Oak Park looked like, we stopped at the Golden Bear restaurant.

It was a very lovely place to eat there. Sorry, I could not remember what I ate or what the waitress' name was, but they had those kiddie menus! I loved the setup there, especially with all those bears on the wall. Even though Danny was warned by Shirley a few times, he said he loved the restaurant, too.



When we came to town Sunday evening, Dad asked me if we could ride the "L" train the next day. I said I would. So we got ready to go over to the depot right after eating at the Golden Bear restaurant. Alan said that the place we were going today was Marshall Field, a department store. Before making it on the train, Shirley and Danny stopped somewhere for a moment to do their own business. We set the parking limit for two hours, and I was worried that when we came back our car would be towed away. But Dad and Alan didn't worry because they knew what they were doing. However, Rebecca was worried about the train ride, so Alan told her that if she did not ride on the "L" train, we would not go.

Now that we made it to the same depot that was shown on CBS-TV's Bob Newhart Show, we were ready. I liked the way their magazine stand was set. We had to go up the escalator to get to the "L" train. While riding on it, I realized all those antiqued buildings Chicago had as I sat by the window. We were forced to stop a few times because people were either coming or going. One stop was the Dan Ryan Expressway, the best way to get to Comiskey Park.

We soon got off the "L" train, went down the escalator, then walked into Marshall Field. Shirley sweetly let us go to the floor where the toys and books were. In that department, I saw thousands and thousands of books. Here were a few examples: Big Red, a story about how the St. Louis Cardinals surprised the NFL in 1974; Street & Smith's 1976 edition of Pro Football, where I mainly read about the two new NFL teams (Tampa Bay Buccaneers and Seattle Seahawks) and their coaching staff; and Baseball Digest, with a photo of the Phillies' Mike Schmidt on the cover. Though I had the book already, I was trying to see if they had "Ode to Billy Joe" on sale, because I may have wanted Chicagoans to go wild over Robby Benson. On S & S's Pro Football, I tried to find a story on why the World Football League went out of business, but I found that it was never printed. Meanwhile, Shirley was making plans with Alan in trying to buy a life-sized doll house for Rebecca. Then we went to other departments so that Shirley could take a look at such things as couches, lamps, China plates, etc. Danny had been looking at books in the children's section with Dad, and so did I. We hardly bought a thing at Marshall Field.

But then we saw a place known as See's candies, and Shirley felt so crazy over chocolate she decided to invite us in the store. It seemed like a long line, but when we finally got our turn, we bought about a pound of candy chocolate mints. Now it was bye-bye for downtown Chicago today, we waited for our train for a few minutes. During the wait, I took a piece of candy and that didn't affect me at all. As soon as we came on the train and then off again, I said to the family I enjoyed the ride so much. I hadn't rode on a train since the one from New York to Washington, D. C. in 1970, when, ironically, we were seeing Alan and Shirley in their interim home at Maryland for the celebration of their new son, Daniel Brian Felsenfeld. And it was eight years since I last rode in a train that could go by town only. That was when I used to ride the "F" train via Queensboro and 8th streets to Bellevue (N. Y.) Nursery School.

None of us got worried when we returned to Oak Park because we still had our car. In all, it was fun, fun, fun in downtown Chicago.

When we returned to the house, Danny and I were outside talking to his best friend Lisa. Minutes after the conversation started, Dad joined the crowd and talked just if he was six years old (in a silly way). We loved it.

Sometime throughout the day I noticed a piece of mail that featured the name of this department store: Memco. That was what they call all their Gemco stores in the Chicago area. Who knows, it just might be as good there as it is here.

Also I noticed a crazy way to put laundry in the hamper. What sister-in-law Shirley would do is unseal the wall lid--that's right!--wall lid from the upstairs portion of the house, and then insert all dirty laundry in the chute. Eventually, all of the laundry will slide down to the basement and into the basket. I tried that a few times myself and got my heart beating for that. Our own laundry had to be included because we wanted to leave Chicago with as many clean clothes as possible.



And there, of course, was Alan's button collection, which extended to about 600. Here were just a few of them: "Budweiser: Our Can-to-Date," GE Panic Button, a picture of Danny when he was a baby, and "Dress British, Think Yiddish."

On this very same day I decided to let Danny take a picture of me, and he did that. Both of us went across the street to watch a football game from the stands. Before that, we went quite far down the way to what looked somewhat like a bathroom.

There was nothing for me on television that evening, but when ABC-TV was making a preview about "Charlie's Angels," a new television show, I predicted that it was going to be a winner. Soon the show that starred Farrah Fawcett-Majors became one of the most-watched shows in the country. Of course, we knew what had happened since.

Once more I went outside to talk to people. I told them about my sophomore year at Loara High School and what I was to be taking in my junior year. I got used to talking to them. Then, surprisingly, Dad came over to see what was going on--and then made his decision. He decided to send me back to the house, not because I was talking to a black person, but to people who smoke cigarettes, since they thought that I took puffs out of a Salem, Winston or Marlboro.

Before doing all that stuff, I had dinner and read the sports sections from the Chicago Sun-Times papers from recent days, something that I will mention on the next day. I looked outside the window and saw a private couple (or boyfriend and girlfriend) hopefully avoid syphilis, something you might get from sexual intercourse.

Right after Dad sent me back to the house after talking to a cigarette smoking group, I started to work on my crossword puzzles again, this time in the Cryptogram section. And once again I was the organist of the house, trying to play whatever was played at Jarry Park in Montreal, Canada. After the Expos take the field, they play a familiar song before the start of each game. I tried to play that same tune, but I have yet to name it. Montreal organist, can you name that tune? While they would think about that, I also played "Hava Nagila," our Jewish song, and also the notes to a rallying team. I had to play the organ by earphones again because Danny and Rebecca were sleeping.

I stayed up to watch the news to find out what happened in the world of sports. Both the Cubs and White Sox were idol that day, and the other film I saw was the Chicago Bears' 13-10 win over the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. I saw a bit of the Johnny Carson show from the steps where all those buttons are before letting Dad watch the rest of the program, and then it was nighty-night for me. Once again, I slept in Danny's bed.

Tuesday, August 31. All I could think of besides getting up, shower, brush teeth, dress, and comb hair, is let Shirley teach me how to put laundry in that crazy chute of the family's. I learned very fast from her in doing that thing.

Again, I had Trix cereal with the kids. Then I saw an interesting article about White Sox rookie third baseman Kevin Bell. In my own words, I feel that he could make all the clutch hits he could get and make all kinds of plays, especially getting two men out on one play, otherwise known as the double play. But the sportswriter also said that while other ballplayers like to go out steady, Bell would usually stay away from women. The picture of Bell featured him in the third base position--in shorts.

But that was not the big news of the day--our fifth day away from home. The big news was that we were going to Milwaukee, the city that meant beer, Alex Grammas, and my cousin Ronni. It would be the first time that we would go to one of Chicago's closest neighbors since 1971, when another cousin of mine, Stephanie Malin, made the airplane flight from Los Angeles to Milwaukee for Ronni's wedding.

We first had to look for our next major highway, Interstate 94, and we did. We started to pass by familiar buildings as I was playing "Portrait of Donny" with the names of these hits: "Going, Going, Gone (To Somebody Else)," "I've Got Plans For You," "Promise Me," "Let My People Go," "All I Have To Do Is Dream," "Hey There, Lonely Girl," "Big Man," "Love Me" and "This Guy's In Love With You." Also included were "Hey Girl" and "Puppy Love," but I decided to leave them out.



As we went on Interstate 94, I saw the famous Nestlé building where they make the very best chocolate. The first city that we passed by as soon as we got to Wisconsin was Kenosha. At around 11:20 a.m. we started to see parts of Milwaukee, with an example like County Stadium, home of the Brewers. I might have also seen the Pabst Blue Ribbon building factory as well as the Stadium Club. It wasn't a great deal for seeing those obstacles.

The great deal was by the time we stopped at Wisconsin Division, a member of the American Automobile Association. First, I'll mention what the plans were when we stopped at the Automobile Club of Southern California back in La Habra a month earlier. We would be going from Los Angeles to Cedar City, Utah and sleep there. During that day we would stop at the places of Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon National Park. The next day, we would leave Cedar City, then stop in Rock Springs, Wyoming, and sleep at Cheyenne. The remainder of the plans in going to Chicago were discussed between Mom and the lady who was in charge of the AAA Club. But there were suggestions on returning home, too. What the person with more AAA books said was that we would stop at Albuquerque and go to bed there. Then she recommended a look at the Petrified Forest National Park somewhere between Chambers and Holbrook, Arizona. We would also be stopping at the Walnut Canyon National Monument and the Oak Creek Canyon, both in Flagstaff, Ariz. She also wanted to go to the Grand Canyon Village by taking Highway 89 instead of Highway 180. Getting home would be kind of tough, because we couldn't decide how to get back to Interstate 40, but we would go from Flagstaff to home instead of Williams to home.

Now we were at the AAA Club in Milwaukee. Here's what our travel agency said at that office: "Start at Chicago. Take Interstate 90 from Chicago to Youngstown, Ohio. Change to Interstate 80. Take Interstate 80 from Youngstown to New York City. After leaving New York City, take Interstate 95 all the way to Philadelphia. Since arriving in Philadelphia, go on Interstate 70 until you reach Dayton, Ohio. Next, go down on what first becomes I-75, then I-71 and finally, I-65, to Nashville, Tennessee. From there on, you take I-40 all the way back to California until you reach the point at Barstow. That's where you take Interstate 15 all the way to your house."

While Mom, Dad and the travel lady made their discussion on what the rest of the trip was to be like in details of course, I picked up a brochure about Toronto, Canada. Guess who the chairman of the city was? It was Paul Godfrey, who was among the many members of a group who was trying to buy the San Francisco Giants during the winter. In addition to receiving the books of California-Nevada, Arizona-New Mexico, Colorado-Utah, Idaho-Montana-Wyoming, North Central, Illinois-Indiana-Ohio, Arkansas-Kansas-Missouri-Oklahoma, Texas, and Arizona-New Mexico, which we already got from the building in La Habra, the lady gave us the books of New Jersey-Pennsylvania, New York and Kentucky-Tennessee, plus a Milwaukee city map. With the North Central book covering the states of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, the 12 AAA Tourbooks that we had together covered features on 30 different states.

It was around 12:20 or later when we drove to Ronni's apartment. The address was 7909 Congress Avenue, Apartment #8.

As expected, everything was beautiful from the moment we stepped in. When I saw Ronni, it reminded me of what happened in '71. Here's how it went. On August 21, 1971, we drove to the L. A. airport in Uncle Joe's station wagon, with Stephanie and I sitting in the back. At around 11:15 a.m., we made it to our American Airlines flight, where it took straight off for Milwaukee. Uncle Irving, whose family was living in that city then, was delighted to see us. Cousin Richard was only 15 years old while Adrian just came fresh from high school. The big reason we came to Milwaukee in '71 was because Ronni was going to be marrying Michael Sommer, her boyfriend. The ceremonies and fun was held at the Holiday Inn three nights later. What wonderful and exciting memories we had!

Now it was 1976 and seeing Ronni in the bicentennial year was better than ever. I noticed lots of things in her house. First of all, the wedding pix taken by the photographers. In one of them both Steffie and I had shorter hair



than we had now. That wasn't the only noticed thing in her house. Here were some other interesting items: a set of glasses and coasters acquired from Pat O' Brien's restaurant in New Orleans when she made a visit to the French Quarter city; her own bed with red, white and blue bicentennial wallpaper around it, in fact her bed also seemed like it was 200 years old; and the J. C. Penney catalog she owned, something we do not get in California. But Ronni was not the only person we saw, it also was her daughter, Melissa. And what a room she had!

Lunch wasn't such a big thing to me. Ronni stopped at the Milwaukee version of the Arby's restaurant, because that's not what the name was. My lunch consisted of a milk shake, potato pancakes and a roast beef sandwich. I read the TV section and found out that the Brewers were on WTMJ-TV Channel 4 (NBC) from Bloomington, Minnesota, along with many soap operas. The only thing I remembered seeing on TV was a local supermarket ad. Since Ronni came back with my lunch, we again talked about what happened on August 27 up to the current moment.

Of course, it was the Brewtown resident who had a higher support of me than of my parents. It was too bad that Michael was not around when we were. But prior to leaving her apartment, Ronni gave me a Milwaukee Brewers'-WTMJ-TV glass, even though I support more of the Angels than of Alex Grammas' club. When we came in, she gave us a small but finished film roll to take home to show Uncle Irving and Co.

Again, returning to Interstate 94, we used our car radio, subbing for the one in which Alan tried to fix, to turn on WTMJ (620). But when the clock had reached 5:00 p.m., we were hit by heavy traffic, especially when we got back to Chicago. People from out-of-town places were coming and going, such as one big truck from St. Louis, Missouri. It was quite a while before we could start out of that traffic jam. And again, we passed by all those spots the night we came to Oak Park.

As soon as we returned to Danny's house, I immediately went to Danny's room. I was working with him on a certain picture out of his Lite-Brite set. At just about the same time, I was reading Zander Hollander's comments about the Houston Oilers' 1975 season—and the preview of 1976. I read the comments of Billy "White Shoes" Johnson, and of course, I colored uniforms again. Speaking of sports, Danny and I went down to the basement to play the toy version of hockey, where I usually did well against my own nephew. Of course I had to have my dinner, too.

Now let me mention all the items that I noticed in the sports sections of the Chicago Sun-Times in recent papers.

1. Ever since Dick Motta left the Chicago Bulls to coach the Washington Bullets, who were looking for a successor to K. C. Jones, I always wanted to know when when Chicago's new coach was to be named. I never heard it on the news, but I found the answer in the August 25 paper. The Bulls' new coach was Ed Badger, who was an assistant to Motta. An article had a feature on new coach Badger, who was around for the club's 1975-76 dismal showing of a 24-58 record, worst in the NBA and second worst in pro basketball. Virginia (ABA) had won 15 games.

2. The trading of forward Nelson Pyatt by the Washington Capitals to the Colorado Rockies for forward Guy Charron. The Colorado Rockies officially adopted their new name on August 25, 1976 after a Denver group headed by former television sportscaster Bud Palmer bought the financially-troubled club (when it was known as the Kansas City Scouts) for several million dollars. Instantly and immediately, the club signed Johnny Wilson as their new coach. In 1975-76 he was coach of the WHA's Cleveland Crusaders. For all that time, I was wondering what was ever going to happen to that franchise. If the league had only 17 teams, I wouldn't support it at all.

3. An article about Paul Richards about how much he was enjoying himself since his return to managing the Chicago White Sox at the age of 67. Also, I read the article on Barnum Bill Veeck after he bought the club at the winter meetings in Hollywood, Florida in December, 1975.

4. John McKay, about how would he feel to be coaching the Tampa Bay Buccaneers and why he left USC. As I am typing this story, his new team has not won a game yet, so maybe he had stayed at USC instead of announcing, "I decided to leave USC and coach Tampa Bay."

There were other small items among those papers such as Red Grange making a



visit to Tampa to see his old team, the Chicago Bears take on the Buccaneers. The "Galloping Ghost" was now 72 years of age. Since Old Milwaukee beer TV ads about imitating great personalities, such as the new versions of Babe Ruth, Louis Armstrong and Grange were first seen on the tubes, I thought it meant that Ruth, Armstrong and Grange were supposed to be dead before other people could play those characters. Instead, it was for two out of three. Ruth died in 1948 and Armstrong in 1971, but Grange was still alive.

There were other things like a photo of a game between the Cubs and Braves at Wrigley Field, batting averages such as Ralph Garr's .300 for the White Sox, and the box score for the Expos-Padres game on August 28, where Butch Metzger, Padre rookie reliever, lost his first game of the '76 season while the Expos snapped his winning streak at 10 and their own losing streak at 12; and so on.

Now it was T. V. time once again. Since the White Sox were appearing on WSNS-TV (Channel 44), I wanted to watch the game because I had not seen that club all year, the only one I had not seen. Not yet. First, Danny wanted to see "Fonzie" on Happy Days, followed by Laverne & Shirley. Then I saw the Sox game. I started to watch the game in the fourth inning, no score, with Rick Waits hurling for Cleveland and Bart Johnson for Chicago. Although the Indians eventually won, 4-2, in 10 innings, I enjoyed Harry Caray's singing of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The time of the game, 3:11, seemed plenty enough for me. I watched about an hour less than that. On several occasions, I turned to WGN-TV (Channel 9) to see how the Cubs were doing in Atlanta. They didn't do too well, as they lost to the Braves, 5-3.

For the third straight night, I was forced to sleep in Danny's bed instead of the sleeping bag that I wanted to try for one night, at least.

And still without a radio, we wanted to give it at least one more try, effective tomorrow.

Wednesday, September 1. Once more, we did just about the same old stuff as we did on Monday and Tuesday. I did my usual number of shower-and-dress before we ate breakfast. But now that Day No. 6 has arrived, I knew that it had to be the best of the three days we visited our family in Oak Park. As usual, I did play their organ after breakfast.

At around 9:30 in the morning, we all left the house again because for the second time in three days, the whole family was going shopping like crazy. This time the place was to be at a mall similar to Puente Hills located near Chicago's O'Hare Airport. But first, we had to stop at a repair shop.

Inside that place was a bunch of antiqued items from Zenith, for example, old television sets. But were they capable of fixing my broken radio? We were not sure. That thing reminded me of third baseman Bill Melton, a former White Soxer who was now playing for the Angels. If he couldn't do it in Chicago, then he could do it in California. When the man who owned the repair shop asked us what was wrong with the radio, we told them that a wire has snapped. But he said that he was unable to fix it since this was our last day in Chicago, so we would have it repaired back in California, if they could afford to.

So for now, it was off to the mall on a not-so-clear day. From the first door that we entered, it was an instant love of the building—because I saw a lot of purple carpets. The first stop of the day was at the Sears department store. In there we first went into the men's section because Dad wanted to get something for himself. He purchased a golf shirt. But that was all downstairs because it was really a place for men's clothing, and just about nothing for me—except some souvenirs of the Chicago Bears and Northwestern University (would you believe—purple pennants?). Then we went to the same department store by taking the elevator. In that department there was the items that I could afford to have—television sets (at that time Hot Seat was on), calculators, stereos, tape cassettes, typewriters, and radios! Because the other solid-stater was very unlikely to be fixed, Alan decided to support me by getting me a new radio. It was hard to decide at first, because I wanted one not only with Shortwave, AM, FM, Aircraft and Police dials, but with TV dials, too. The one that I wanted cost almost \$70.00. That was the same price my parents paid for a 5-band radio at J.C. Penney during the Hanukkah days of 1974. But a \$70.00 radio this time was too expensive. So I saw a radio that had all the mentioned dials except



"V. It only cost \$39.95, and that was the one I was going to take! Now that I was happy to get a new radio, I could turn to any station that I want on any of the dials. And now I would never have to worry about my other radio again, for I would now give the broken one to Thrift Shop worker Lucille Thure as soon as we get home.

We just went around other stores or departments in the balance of the time we made our appearance at the mall. For instance, I went to the record section where I always checked to see how long each song ran. The only example I had was "Don't Go Breaking My Heart," sung by Elton John and Kiki Dee. Time run of that song: 4 minutes 23 seconds. Also available was "Low Down" by Boz Scaggs, "You Are The Woman" by Fireball, "Right Back to Where We Started From" by Maxine Nightingale, "Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel" by Tavares, "Fooled Around And Fell in Love" by Elvin Bishop, "I Really Love to See You Tonight" by England Dan & John Ford Coley, plus many more. In the album section there were such stereo LPs as Nightingale, Donny & Marie, KISS, Elton John, Linda Ronstadt, Alice Cooper, Aerosmith, the Beach Boys, Helen Reddy and more.

Shirley and Mom were looking for dresses, dresses and more dresses, so us men were waiting outside. We also stopped at the bakery to pick up some good-tasting cookies, and you know how much sugar they put in them! It was too bad that we had to be off our diets for nearly a week now, and we still had to go further back east, stay for a few days, and then take almost a week to return home.

Another store that the seven of us went to is J. C. Penney. There we would see the children's toy section that featured items on Sesame Street. But first we were hungry, so we all stopped at the store's own restaurant. It was a bit hard to find seats for Danny and Rebecca in the cafeteria. But that was not all. Finding a place to put all those packages was not an easy task, either. But one time we settled down, it was lunch time for sure.

If this statement was correct, I ordered turkey, which came with mashed potatoes (Shirley's favorite food) and gravy. Debbie was the name of our waitress. Everybody else ordered what they want. And at the end, almost everybody left something on their plates, especially Rebecca, who had 3 years experience on incompleting given meals. Give her a bowl of cereal and see why she would start with two tablespoonfuls and then not finish much after that. That's what made me feel tired. If Becca asked for food, we would ask her if she would be able to eat it, and eat it all. It was no surprise at all that we had another friendly conversation with Debbie.

When we left the cafeteria, Danny wanted to get a toy for himself, but Shirley denied him of that. Since the two of them had more important things to do, all of us, who really enjoyed that beautiful place, had to go now. Alan led the way back to Oak Park, but not to his house. It was at radio station WOPA (1490), where Danny was having an appointment at. It was to be one of his stories that he was to be telling over the station. Even though this was our last day at Oak Park, I had a feeling about when people were going to hear that interesting story of his. The first song I heard on my new radio was "A Little Bit More" by Dr. Hook.

About the new radio: it features a twin-speaker, an earphone jack (that's the one I have the most trouble with because I bought so many earphones), an antenna and four button selectors. Since everyone knows the ranges of the AM and FM dials, the Shortwave band goes from 4 MHz to 12 MHz, with VHF starting with 115 MHz and ending with 174 MHz. It also gets weather reports for the day.

No sooner did Shirley drop Danny off than we returned to the house so I could turn on my new radio to hear the weather report. The station's call letters were known as KW039. Any particular broadcast would broadcast the following: overall weather picture; radar weather summary; marine forecasts; eyesights of wind, weather, visibility, and sea conditions from U. S. Coast Guard stations; local area forecast; regional forecast; degree-day information during winter months; extended outlook; mariners' notices once in a while; all pertinent weather warnings; and selected weather reports from National Weather Service stations.

It was particularly the radio for the remainder of the afternoon because there was not much I could do now that Danny was busy at work. I turned on to my



...prite rock station of WLS (890), a real favorite not only in Chicago, but all of Illinois. I also picked up WMAQ (670) where country-style music could be heard. Then WBBM (780) to hear local and CBS news. The other station I could care about was WGN (720), the Cubs' radio station.

When Danny returned home, it was time once again for toy hockey. That game seemed more interesting than ever. Not so much was the hockey game important, but here is an interesting story. Since Danny was born on January 5, 1970, he lived in more places in seven years than I could in 17. Danny first lived in Silver Springs, Md., then lived in two different places in Los Angeles (one an apartment, and one a house), then moved with his family to Oak Park to live there for three years, and finally, in the summer of 1977, moved to their current home in Placentia, California. My inaugural home was 79-28 67th Street in Middle Village, New York, and stayed that way for four years. In 1964 I had my second home, this time at 40-42 75th Street in Elmhurst, N. Y., and finally moved to our present La Habra, Calif. home at 701 N. Laura St. in 1968.

My usual habit at dinnertime—food and sports. I took the only cheese pizza from their refrigerator, warmed it and ate it. On the September 1 issue, the Dodgers won at Montreal, 5-2, while Randy Jones lost his 10th game of the season as the Pirates blanked the Padres, 3-0. The Angels might have beaten Detroit, 6-3, but I didn't pay much attention to Nolan Ryan logging 2,000 career strikeouts. But that was from last night. Then it was back to the hockey game with Danny again.

Anyway, that basement was one of my favorite places of the entire house. Not only was there the end of that weird chute but also a ping-pong table, a washer and dryer, plus many other things that could make my heart beat.

Seven o'clock meant TV time. First, I wanted to watch "Little House On The Prairie" on WMAQ-TV. I first got interested in that show when I looked in one of the Tiger Beat Magazines where Allison Arngrim was modelling in a fashion show. She reminded people to see her on "Prairie" every Wednesday night at 8 p.m. (7 p.m. Central time) on NBC. Allison was then my favorite on the show, just because she was blonde. But several weeks later, Allison, who played the role of Nasty Nellie Oleson, was nastier than ever. On certain shows Nellie would get mad at her acting little brother Willie because he wanted candy before dinner ever came. But that was not the only disgusting thing. You could tell that it would be her voice by sounding just like the average 13-year-old boy. So after that Nellie was no longer my favorite. Instead, it became maturing Melissa Sue Anderson, who knew how to act, what to say, and when to say it. On September 1 I watched the show and found out it was more violence than sweetness, meaning enough of "Prairie" for the night.

I wanted to experience myself by watching Lindsay Wagner, Jamie Somers and the Bionic Woman. Unfortunately, that didn't help at all, either.

Then at about 7:45 p.m. I tuned to WSNS-TV to watch the White Sox-Indians game from Comiskey Park. Paul Richards, the Sox manager, was interviewed. He was saying that his pitchers were capable of winning a few ball games, but never mind that right away.

That's when Alan was asking me to come to the living room for a few minutes to look at some pictures of children's teeth. He worked on some of those kids at Cook County Hospital. Boy, were all those teeth rotten! But the pictures were interesting, not scared. By the time we visited that family of ours, Alan had one year remaining on his three-year work at the hospital.

It was around the second inning already when I watched Jim Bibby of the Indians battle Ken Kravec of the White Sox. In the fourth inning after Ray Fosse, formerly of Oakland, hit a home run that eventually saw Pitching Coach Jim Busby come to the mound to settle Kravec down. Cleveland led, 1-0. After five innings Sox Organist Nancy Faust played "Don't Go Breaking My Heart," in which people would say that she learned real fast right after new songs came out. I wondered if Robin Smith could do the same thing on her piano.

When the bottom of the seventh inning was just around the corner, Harry Caray, the famous play-by-play broadcaster, was singing "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."



I believe that Harry is the only broadcaster who sings the traditional 7th-inning stretch theme as well. But the Sox were the ones who broke the fans' hearts by losing to Cleveland, 3-0. But Caray was announcing upcoming attractions like the Bill Veeck night on September 24 against the Oakland A's. There was another special mention coming up against our California Angels on September 10.

During the outcome of the game, I was listening to the radio to find out not only what was going on around Chicago, but elsewhere. In New York Maxine Nightingale's hit record "Right Back To Where We Started From" was being played by disc-jockey Ron Lundy on WABC (770). In Cleveland Herb Score was broadcasting the same Indians-White Sox game on WWWE (1100). In Detroit Ernie Harwell was taking it one play at a time over on WJR (760). Actually, the veteran Tiger announcer was in Anaheim for the Tigers-Angels game. He was in the bottom of the third inning when the Angels scored four runs off Dave Roberts, and the time in Chicago was already 10:30 p.m., so they must have been having a fast game. I must have also heard a station from Philadelphia, where a reporter told me the Phillies lost in Houston, 1-0.

Because that was to be our final day in Oak Park, we started to pack up all of our clothes and stuff in the suitcase and get all the clothes out for Thursday morning. In the interim time, Mom felt disappointed. "I don't want to go to New York," she cried. I almost felt sad myself because I wanted to go back to the town where I haven't been since 1971. Artificial words. She just felt in a bad mood.

Finally, to end a sweet day, Danny let me use his sleeping bag to put me in comfort, whatever there was of on the floor.

Thursday, September 2. We had to make sort of early reservations by taking an early shower, something the Dodgers had suffered in Montreal the previous night as their game with the Expos was rained out. However, checking to see if everything with us was a casualty, because Alan and Shirley told us later that we left our hair blower there.

It was 7:45 in the morning when we left following a quick "Good Morning" breakfast. Previously we said goodbye to everybody, but not to Oak Park as yet. I turned my new radio on to WLS to hear the Chicago news sponsored by Pennzoil. That was when we stopped at a gas station. While hearing the news, I looked at our AAA Eastern Region Emergency Service Directory to look at all the service stations in Delaware.

Now the year 1976 started to look like 1971. In that year we started out at Milwaukee, then traveled to the Chicago suburb of Buffalo Grove, Illinois to see a few friends. Subsequently we traveled to Indiana and stopped at a fast food restaurant there. Then it was Ohio and Pennsylvania where we stopped at a public restaurant. I soon fell asleep there as we were going to make it all the way to New York in less than 24 hours. Driving to New York from Milwaukee was one of Dad's hardest tasks of all time.

Now that Mom said that we were going to New York, Dad decided to do it not on this seventh day but on the eighth day.

It didn't take us very long to return for the last time in Illinois to all those roads and freeway signs. There was the first turnpike of the day in that same state in which we overcame to leave Illinois. Meanwhile, radio station WLS was so powerful, I heard it all the way to Indiana.

Faster than you can say New York City, we arrived in Indiana. The Hoosier State, as it is known, had all of their toll booths saluting one of the thirteen original colonies in honor of America's 200th birthday. For us, it was nothing but the best weather we ever had.

Following the stop at our first toll booth there, I did a rarity thing to my listening machine. I turned to an FM station only to find beautiful music. But at that time, I could care less for Julie and Barbara Cooper until it was home sweet home. I also could care less for the exact cities we stopped at. But I should promise myself that if ever again we touch the state of Indiana, let the Coopers be mind-headed and know where exactly where we stopped at, and perhaps why. That might take a few years of doing.

Ever since we left Chicago, we took Interstate 90 to get to Hoosierland.



I-90 became our fourth interstate on this trip. The others were Interstates 15, 90, and 94. There was still one more to go before we hit America's largest city.

Mentioning that WLS could be heard throughout parts of Indiana, I heard a song that had not been heard since May, 1975. "Going Up In a Puff of Smoke" by Polly Brown was the number. There were several trucks from Dover, Delaware that were just passing by.

But when we finally had to make a stop, we tried a rest area. In the lineup of parking vehicles, about half of them were Indiana Hoosiers. I wanted to buy some jewelry there, but I was denied. I'm not saying that now I should have bought jewelry, but there is one thing for sure. There will never be another 1976 for as long as I live, hopefully to 2076. But in Indiana you just don't plan to the future except that you would be doing it. You take it one day at a time, and there is nothing else about it. All I bought was Indiana postcards to remember that interesting visit there. The cards showed the football field at Notre Dame, the state capital in Indianapolis, the "500" Motor Speedway, also in Indianapolis, and so on. We would add a couple of famous Bobbys: Knight (basketball coach at Indiana University) and Leonard (coach of the Pacers who were now a member of the NBA).

You could also say that I brought back my North American Radio-TV Station Guide to its own home. Published yearly by Howard W. Sams & Co., Inc. in the town of Indianapolis, the stations could be listed in three different ways: by Geographic Location, by Channels or Frequency, and by Call Letters as well as its notes and key to station listings. Soon Indiana wasn't so important anymore.

At about 11:00 a.m. we made it to Ohio, probably welcoming us with a quick reminder to stop by your nearest Sohio gasoline dealer. It was still I-90 for us. Nothing to bother about in the first 20 miles or so.

But attention finally came when we stopped at a restaurant where we were supposed to be eating at. Mom and I were trying to order at least a salad for lunch, but their food was not as good as we thought it was. Instead, the two of us were getting our drinks of water. We also picked up an Ohio bicentennial map and an art poster with upcoming attractions for the Buckeye state.

Now that Dad decided to pass that stop because of lousy food service, what we wanted to do was pull ourselves into an air-conditioned place since we were hit by heat exhaustion once again. At around 12:30 p.m. we found our place at a Holiday Inn hotel just outside of Toledo. It was very interesting inside. Here's what turned me on in the motel. First, I was looking at the magazine rack to see what I could find. But there was not a thing on Tiger Beat. Mom wanted to buy a magazine herself, but then she turned her chances down, too. Second, I sat down at a seat in the lobby room to look at the sports section of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. One article said that the Cleveland Cavaliers, the 1975-76 Central Division NBA Champions, were only to play six exhibition games in October. Another article mentioned Ray Posse on how his returning season with the Indians was going. Yes, it was embarrassing, but a particular blonde, who was right by the motel's swimming pool. Ohio was seeming to be on its way to become the first state where blondes would have the least fun.

And now we went into the restaurant. Beautiful music from a Toledo radio station was playing in the background so the people could identify which notes belonged to "Tie A Yellow Ribbon 'Round the Ole Oak Tree," "You Make Me Feel Brand New," and "Love Will Keep Us Together." As soon as our waitress came, I was ordering a lasagna platter and soup, while Dad wanted chicken. Our waitress also gave me a puzzle to work on to avoid waiting too many minutes without doing anything. The puzzle consisted of 15 holes formed in a triangle with 14 pegs. Here's how I played that game: leave an open hole on the top row of the triangle. Then take either peg on the core row and try to jump over one of the pegs on the second row, where on the top of the triangle the empty space had been there. Keep doing it in the same fashion until one peg remains on the board. I tried that several times before giving way to my lunch. I hardly had tried lasagna before, but it had to be one of my favorite meals because I loved Italian foods. That's right! Some Jewish boys' favorite foods could come from Italy, too, and not just Israel. Following the tip to our waitress, I took the postcards for the state of Ohio. In a matter of minutes, all three got back to I-90.



Since leaving the Toledo area, I turned to my music knob and heard a Canadian station for the first time on the road trip. It was called CKLW (800) from the city of Windsor, Ontario. Canada also had rock fad, because that's what it was. The short-handed version of "Let It In" explained why. The station would not just mention summertime weather in Windsor, it would find out how hot it got in Detroit. In addition to their current hits and golden oldies, or however they decided to play their 45s, I heard a commercial on Budweiser beer. The DJ added, "Not available in Ontario." That meant the Canadian province must have prohibited a lot of beer, especially at sports events. But how come Toronto had an industry called Labatt's Breweries? No one knew, for sure. But Ontario would be the best region to go out to rock concerts and parties, simply because there was less beer than anywhere else on this continent. I hope that Ontario has a law on cigarette smoking, too, because beer, liquor and smoking just don't work for you. I heard the station by the time we stopped for gas, and then went again.

Soon we started to pass by green signs that marked the number of miles left to go in order of getting to New York City. That was when we were traveling by towns just outside of Cleveland. But when we got to Ohio, it was time to change our clocks again--this time to Eastern Standard Time. So when Dad was thinking that we would be seeing Cleveland, I had another radio station--WWWE (1100), from that same city. It featured middle-of-the-road music. I never had my mind on the Chemical Rubber Company, the building where all those math table books were editioned.

When we came to a toll booth, we saw another car from The First State just passing by. I thought that we would catch the Delaware resident, but she was probably on her way home. Of course, Dad had something to give in order to pass that toll--his change. That might have been close to Youngstown, Ohio. So that marked the end for part one of Ohio.

Now for the second time in six years we made it to Pennsylvania, and it was far more enjoyable for a change. Even the farmland, elevation hills and trees of beauty seemed new to me. In fact, we happened to pass by a truck on the other side of that road, a truck that manufactured Wise Potato Chips. I remembered that name from Jack's Pastry. But the first point came when we passed by those signs that welcomed us to the Keystone state. I heard a commercial about Sears, Roebuck and Company celebrating its 90th anniversary. For the first time since May, I heard the Chevrolet theme song which went like this: "What's your favorite sport? Baseball. Food? Hot dogs. Pie? Apple. And what's your favorite car, America? Chevrolet. That's baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet. Right! Sure sounds like America to me! We are! Then you better tell me again, because I may forget." Then it goes like this: "We love baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet...baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet." That's one reason why Laurie Skelton supported the hometown California Angels. But both disagreed. She already had a Plymouth, while I wanted an AMC Pacer.

When we entered Pennsylvania, a change of interstates was made, from 90 to 80. Instead of a Penn. radio station, I got one from WWVA in Wheeling, West Virginia. That meant country-and-western time. Passing by our side of the road were several Jones trucks, again from Delaware.

Finally, I started to pick up the Pirates-Padres game from the city of Pittsburgh. It was on KDKA (1020) with Milo Hamilton at the microphone. That must have been the pre-game show because Dad made up his mind--to sleep at DuBois, Pa. When Hamilton was making his comments about both clubs, we had just about made it to DuBois.

For the evening, we chose the DuBois Manor Motel, which was a member of the Superior Motels, not the Holiday Inn or Best Western. I took a look at the lobby's mileage wheel mainly to have known that Los Angeles was a far cry away from us now. It was 7:30 in the evening when we arrived in town.

As Dad was checking for our room for the night, I looked at the sports section--this time from the Pittsburgh Press. There was one photo about a certain play in the Padres-Pirates game from the previous night. Another was an article on the two-time NFL Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers and their preview for 1976. To finish it off, I looked at the NHL Pittsburgh Penguins 1976-77 season schedule, both home and away.



It had to be a wonderful hotel, anyhow. I loved the outside of it, so all three of us might have been doing a small bit of exercise where I saw one van from the Pennsylvania Bell try to repair a telephone. It was also exciting inside because we had an upstairs room. Dad wanted to bring the paper upstairs so that he could have a glance through it.

It was 7:45 p.m. and TV time. Nothing much appeared at first. Then I found the station that would bring us "Welcome Back, Kotter" after a surprise passing of WOR-TV (Channel 9) from New York, reminding that the Phillies and Mets would be on tomorrow night. At 8:00 p.m. on WTAE-TV (Channel 4) in Pittsburgh, "Kotter" was on. Tonight's show had a feature on Arnold Horshack, who wanted to marry Rosalee. At that time, Rosalee was pregnant, meaning that if the baby was ever born, Horshack would become a father. It wasn't as excited as it was the week before when Bambi Foster made instant goo-goo eyes for me. Then at 8:30 p.m., "Barney Miller" was on. That's what Daddy wanted before we could go down to dinner. At that time, I heard more New York City than Pennsylvania. First it was WABC and Ron Lundy. My favorite part from that was about a record commercial which mentioned stores from New Jersey. Then to WCBS (880) to find out the latest news. And finally back to KDKA for San Diego-Pittsburgh big league ball. I felt even more anxious to get back to my original home. After "Barney Miller" we got ready to go downstairs to eat dinner.

An oddity started a weird time right at the dining table. Dad had ordered chicken while I ordered lasagna when we ate at the Holiday Inn near Toledo earlier in the day. Now we tried to order each other's dish. Unfortunately, the waitress gave us a lesson when she ran out of both chicken and lasagna, so we settled for second-best dishes. Again, "Say You Love Me" was heard from the background room. However, that was not the weirdest thing of all.

Upstairs, I looked from our window and saw their gorgeous swimming pool and also the rest of the town with my own eyes. It was too beautiful to miss. Then I took a closer look at the Penguins' schedule to see when they would face the L. A. Kings, then Denver. I thought they would be called the Colorado Rockies. Then, eventually, Dad ordered us to get to bed because he wanted to see New York as soon as possible. If that would work well, it would be the first time ever that I would actually be sleeping in Pennsylvania, other than what I did in Bobby's Pontiac LeMans when we traveled to the same town back in 1971.

Friday, September 3. Just less than 168 hours earlier, I felt joy in my mind when Dad said that we would go all the way to New York, and we got up at 3:30 a.m. And now here we were in DuBois, Pennsylvania, trying to have sweet dreams if all was coming up roses. But it was Dad who came up to watch The Johnny Carson Show. I couldn't tell if that was in my imagination or that was the real thing. But it turned out to be a reality. Careless Dad said, "Get up, Beatty! Get up, Marty! Time to get up! It's 6:20!"

It was an interesting show to watch. David Steinberg, at 34 years old and a comedian, was Carson's host. He was removing a shirt to show his Mickey Mouse Club T-shirt with "M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E" in the background. And the Johnny Carson show is taped six hours earlier to East Coasters, meaning that NBC-TV people in Burbank taped it at 5:30 p.m. To us, it seemed that Pittsburghers wouldn't hear Ed McMahon, Mr. Budweiser, say, "Heeeeeeeere's Johnny!" until 5:30 a.m. Then Dad looked at his watch again. It was not really 6:20 a.m. The correct time was 12:40 in the morning! Wow! Twelve-forty in the morning and joy came to us once again! That was the reality of weird things right smack in this town.

Already ruined by the incorrect time on his watch, Dad ordered us to take our respective baths and showers. And it was back to my Sears radio, where I learned that the Dodgers swept the Expos by scores of 2-1 and 5-3, to start the final month of Walter Alston's managerial career. Not exactly in order, here's what else I heard:

1. A closeup on the NFL and the NFC Eastern Division. First, Dallas on trying to overcome last year's 21-17 Super Bowl loss to the Pittsburgh Steelers and concern on how Tom Landry was to find out his strategies. Next, it was St. Louis (Don Coryell) and hoping that speedsters Terry Metcalf and Mel Gray have good years while Jim Hart hoped to continue throwing clutch passes. The Washington Redskins, famous for their "Over-the-Hill Gang," had Mike Thomas prove that they were wrong.



George Allen, who told everybody "The Future is Now," failed to reputate themselves in a big year as the Redskins failed to make the playoffs for the first time since Allen took his first head coaching assignment. He hoped to rebound his team in 1976 because of experienced quarterback Billy Kilmer. The Philadelphia Eagles stole Dick Vermeil from UCLA to get his offensive line going as soon as the '76 season started, because the Eagles won just four games in '75. The N. Y. Giants had a new running back in Larry Csonka, a new place to play called Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N. J., and Csonka's old friend, former Miami assistant coach and now head coach Bill Arnsparger (he was fired since and now is back with his old job in Miami).

2. Once again, I picked up Windsor's powerful CKLW, and once again, their number was "Let It In." And once again, it was Chicago's WLS to hopefully learn a few new names of deejays. I continued using the earphone for about another hour or so as I picked up WABC, WNBC, KDKA, WCBS, and so many others from the East. In other words, it was too numerous to mention.

At around 1:30 a.m. I finally went back to sleep, but it was too late. I just showered and got dressed for today. Dad was looking at the Disto-Map finding out how we'd get to New York. This meant Mom and I went back to bed with our clothes on, with Dad staying up. Because of that crazy nightmare, order was never back where it belonged.

This time, in reality, we got up at around 6:00 a.m. With our stuff rough-and-ready, we went downstairs to the coffee shop with myself still feeling cloggy for what happened almost  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours ago. If Cindy, our waitress, ever saw me before this eighth day of our vacation, she would have said, "Get up, Marty! It's 6:00!" That failed to accomplish,

Despite the embarrassments, I had a good breakfast as my main concern before we discovered what happened outside that morning. It got foggy outside. That meant I still have not snapped out of the 12:40 a.m. nightmare. Now we got back on Interstate 80 and saw me finally wake up a bit when a local radio station played "I'm Leaving It Up To You," Donny & Marie's 1974 take-off. Following a commercial about Penn State football, I heard yet another new number, by the name of "No, No, Joe, No," from the Silver Convention. And excitement was on the way.

For sure, this had to be the very same direction we traveled in 1971 that we jobbed in '76. Until the Ford LTD arrived to the east end of Pennsylvania, all that passed us by was the beauty of its farmland, mountain laurels, and Eastern Hemlocks. Just 15 minutes before leaving Penn, the popular radio stations from Manhattan were getting better and better.

Right now, we came to the Delaware Water Gap. Five years before, when we made our first drive-through ever by that same gap, I thought that we were going to Delaware. No way. It's a far way between the Delaware Water Gap and the state of Delaware. With WNBC and WABC doing their things, we now came to the Delaware River. That meant we came to New Jersey, where Father, naturally, showed me how beautiful the river was, hopefully not just because of its name.

Glancing through the Station Guide, I realized that the Garden State did not have more than three stations in the same city, and also that the highest amount of power for any one of those stations was 5,000 watts, because New York City took it away from that. On the 1000 mark was WRNJ, a new easy-listener from Hacketts-town. Now, speaking of music, let's turn to WABC. On that attractive station, I heard the following songs: "Low Down" by Boz Scaggs, "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine" by Lou Rawls, "Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel" by Tavares (the long version), "Play That Funky Music" by Wild Cherry, plus many more. I also heard a Dentyne commercial about one guy asking a girl no longer to chew bubble gum and instead chew Dentyne, because for his date, friend or girlfriend, it would make her mouth taste clean, not sweet. Of course, that is sold all over the country. What is not sold over the country is Hoffman soda, because Californians never heard the traditional theme song. It goes like this: "The prettiest girl... I ever saw...was sipping Hoffman...right through a straw..." And that, was the voice of an average 10-year-old boy. Farrah Fawcett could care less for Hoffman.

New Jersey was an interesting place to pass by, because of talking about it since my long vacation trip. For example, when there was an ABA team called the New Jersey Americans, I always wanted to know where that team played. I first had



in mind Atlantic City, because they had an auditorium that seated 40,000 people. But they never played there. When I looked at the section that read "No Business Like Boe's Business," referring to Roy Boe, I found out that the club played in Teaneck, New Jersey. From there on, I mentioned Teaneck quite often in my computer classroom, I wrote "New Jersey Americans" in Gregg Shorthand, and one guy sitting next to me, thought that that looked like "Tom". I knew someone who lived in Teaneck, N. J., and that someone was Dawn Longo, who is now a student classmate of mine at Loara H. S. Another Garden State resident that I knew was Elsa Schrofft. She was my teacher at Pride of Judea in Brooklyn, where Dawn was born at. The newest thing was the Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, part of the New Jersey Sports Complex. One sign showed how to get there. To add one more bit of fun, there was the New Jersey Turnpike. And we started to get closer to the Empire State Building!

One crossing of the George Washington Bridge, and now.....we came to NEW YORK!!!! It's so wonderful to return back home! We had a chance to see such places as Bohack Supermarket, Drug City, Bellvue Nursery School, 40-42 75th St., Jack's Dairy, Cathy McBride (who has changed her last name to Cotroneo), Won Ton Chinese Restaurant, and of course, Times Square.

Passings as we still had to make decisions were of these: Yankee Stadium in its brand new look over at the Bronx, and Shea Stadium at Flushing. But there were its usual traffic jams, no matter where you went in New York City. And on WABC, it was "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me." Although we failed to see Strauss Stores, there were its usual parks which were quieter than those in Anaheim.

During another bridge passing, I heard "Afternoon Delight" by the Starland Vocal Band and "A Fifth of Beethoven" by the Walter Murphy Band on WNBC. Even though its station letters are there, the people at 30 Rockefeller Plaza call it "66 NBC" because not only gave NBC News hourly, but also the network headquarters were there for both radio and TV. Across town, WABC still gave New Yorkers their rock music, and they loved it so much, that station decided to discontinue ABC Contemporary News, which was broadcast five minutes before every half hour. It's weird, because its TV station, WABC-TV, still gets ABC events.

The first places we had to stop at were at a few cemeteries. First, the one over at Mount Hebron Center in Flushing, N. Y. Overlooking Shea Stadium, a purple tow-truck and the rest of any beauty, we stopped to look at Grandpa Jimmy's grave. He died when I was just one year old, in 1961. It happened to be a cemetery that you can drive through. Though it wasn't right, I heard "You Should Be Dancing," in one of the Bee Gees' final songs as a group before Andy Gibb left them to be a soloist. I promised myself that I would never turn my radio on while at a cemetery again. Anyway, Dad and Mom showed their feelings when they saw Grandpa Jimmy's grave. They were just crying like crazy. Despite the fact that I shouldn't have mentioned it, I was checking the graves of other people and saw if their lives went all the way to 1975 and stopped living.

Next, we stopped over at Mount Zion Cemetery in Masmoth, N. Y. for the two graves of Grandpa Jack and Dad's own mother, Rose Felsenfeld. Also involved was a grave of Jacob Felsenfeld plus a few members of the Dreyfuss organization.

I could not remember exactly, but at one of those two places mentioned, I went into the bathroom and imagined myself being cheered on and given a standing ovation by returning to the respectful citizens of Long Island. I believed that happened at Mt. Zion. That must have been the same place where Dad was asking for a map of the cemetery. I loved every single minute there.

Now that we saw a couple of cemeteries, it was time for us to see some old buddies of ours. With "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" (Elton John & Kiki Dee on WABC) in the background, we drove all the way to Middle Village, N. Y. I have lots of things to remember about Middle Village. There was a Pin & Curl Beauty Salon near Rego Park. After making a turn right where that ice machine was, you would make a left turn. There you would see good old supermarkets such as Bohack, Finast, and Grand Union. It was all houses until two longtime stores were such places to see. They were known as Barton's Candy Store and Glasser Pharmacy. Then we saw the Rock of Ages Monuments with a whole bunch of graves on either side of the street, followed by an old place attended by both my parents and my brother Alan, called Public School 87. It is located by the greenhouse just a few steps



away from two old apartments, 79-28 and 79-30 67th St. Of course, there was at one time, the tailor shop where they work on your best clothes.

But first, we stopped to see our first Aunt Anna. In that house, I saw a lot of happy people talking to her about our seldom-made cross-country trip, plus that crazy moment in DuBois, Pa. To greet me, Aunt Anna asked me if I wanted an orange wafer. I said yes. Then I saw a picture of her daughter (pretty-looking with blonde hair made me have goo-goo eyes, for what was so far my greatest support of blondes since moving to California in 1968) along with her husband in the wedding that she had. There also was a photo album of the cute couple that I saw. To keep me busy from leaving the place, I went to the other room and looked at all those romance books. One of them had a special on Lawrence Welk and many of his greatest hits, such as "I Want a Girl" and "Calcutta." And, to finish that, I saw an interesting backyard.

Now we went to the other Aunt Anna and had about the same results as the first one. It just felt like coming home again so that everyone could get together. To us, it was just wonderful.

Following that, we went down the street and saw two more old pals, a couple named Sam and Hanna Markman. Sam, 66 years old, told us that after almost forty years of operation, he decided to retire from working. What Sam used to do was sell quite a bundle of products. Examples: fresh eggs from New Jersey, Drake's Yodels, Tetley tea, Savarin coffee (Grandma used to drink that), and Goodman's egg noodles. He closed his store just a week before we made our arrival to N. Y. To remember what his market looked like, I took a picture involving Dad, Mom, Hanna, and Aunt Anna No. 2.

That was not all for Middle Village yet. There were two houses filled with stories. One was 79-28 67th St. That was the longtime home of Anna Zeldin, my Grandma. The home also belonged to me, too. Grandma used to have a stamp collection, an infant television set, an 1895 (that's right!) calendar, a stove from the 1920's, an old basement with hundreds of books in the bookshelves, a radiator, plus many other things she used to be the owner of. Grandma now makes her home at La Habra, Cal. And then there was next door, too. It was at 79-30 67th St., where Grandma's old friend, Fay, used to live. Fay had since moved to Florida.

Shortly after that, I took a picture of those two apartments where close friends resided for almost a generation and a half. It was from across the street. That was by a car with a N. Y. Islanders logo on the side window with Dad singing "Michelle" in reference to somebody with that same name.

Later on, we stopped at one final cemetery, that one where Mom's grandma was buried. Wondering why everybody had their front headlights on, Dad said, "They have to put their lights on because they were on their way to the cemetery." I only thought that lights should be turned on when it got dark. It got tough having to wait almost 20 minutes before leaving the cemetery.

By now it was time to say good-bye to Middle Village, so it took us a short time to find our way to our next town, Rego Park, New York. If I'm right, the Spinners' "Games People Play" was the next WABC hit. That's when we saw several more unique shops and stuff. One was a gas petroleum tank, the other the P. D. Q. Car Wash. In a space of time, I heard a weird commercial on WINS (1010). It went like this: Comedian Orson Bean was speaking for the U. S. Postal Service, and was talking about the importance of ZIP Codes. This is what he said: "Miami." That was somebody who was so careless, that when he thought of Miami, he thought of Florida instantly. "But do you know how many Miamis there are?" Orson asked. "There's a Miami, Arizona; a Miami, Indiana; and a Miami, Oklahoma. It turned out Horace lived in Miami, Texas." After reminding everybody that when they mailed a letter, they should put the name, address, city, state, and the right ZIP, Orson asked, "Do you know how many Clevelands there are?"

Just before 4 p.m., we made it to 93-24 Queens Blvd., all right. But Harold and Irene, two friends we wanted to see, were not home. It took us about 15 minutes or so before anyone could get inside. Still Harry was not home. Somehow, somewhere, I started to use my radio and radio box again. I wanted to write a letter to Nancy Loy to tell her what I have been doing, hopefully in a brief way. I did start the letter, but then I made my big decision not to.



Hardly having lunch all day, I took a glass of Sacramento tomato juice. I didn't even know they made that brand in New York, too. I only thought they had them in California. Anyway, I turned on their TV to see what was on. Nothing as yet. But I did learn that WNEW-TV (Channel 5) had a new slogan: "Turn to 5 for a change!"

But then Harold came home and we ate dinner. And after that, there certainly was good TV for the evening. First, I watched the Howdy-Doody show, because I said it was OK. Of course, they did the traditional verse of "It's Howdy-Doody Time! It's Howdy-Doody Time!" There was Howdy-Doody and Clarabelle Clown running the show like crazy. But I didn't know where it came from. I thought it was Milwaukee only because parts of the show came from the "Happy Days" TV series. Instead, that show came from Miami Beach, Florida. Howdy-Doody was one of the first shows for me that would normally be watched by children, since I started to talk to Laurie Skelton. Following that was the Brady Bunch.

Now it's 8 p.m., and time for Donny & Marie! Last week, we came to the home of Donny & Marie Osmond (Provo, Utah), but I missed their show. But now that we were at Harold & Irene's, they permitted me to watch two talented singers that were seldom heard on any radio.

Some of the highlights were as follows: a Halloween-type act that saw them do the "Monster Mash." Milton Berle doing a funny act on getting bowling balls together; he eventually fell in with one of the balls. Donny & Marie's famous time when they do the part of "A Little Bit Country, A Little Bit Rock & Roll." Then it was Paul Lynde's turn to be asked to fire an employee, but instead the employee stayed with his job. Following the Ice Vanities' skating dance eventually came one of the funniest parts of the show. There was a 9-foot-wide cream pie filled with 97 gallons of real whipped cream. Prop men put a 10-inch red balloon on top of that giant pie so that something would happen, and it did. What Donny was holding in his hand to start with was a regular pie filled with whipped cream. Marie wanted to hit darling Donny in the face with a pie. Not at all. Instead, the rest of his brothers came and threw Donny in the BIG pie! What a skit it was!

After that, the brothers went on to make a salute to America's Bicentennial, and Donny & Marie was put to bed. And now, it was the ball game between the Phillies and the Mets. In that game, Tom Seaver, now with the Cincinnati Reds, threw three strikes on the hitters eight times to give him a ninth consecutive 200-K season as the Mets beat Philadelphia, 1-0. The commercials turned me on, however. When I saw the first Schaefer commercial, I thought that Bob Arthur of KABC (790) in Los Angeles told me that that brewery was to be discontinued. But with the new slogan, "I'm Schaefer People," they were still drinking that brand back east. Thus Schaefer beer was not out of business yet. Another was of Paul Lynde making money for Manufacturers Hanover. He was giving everybody roses, and then he took the flowers away from them. Following that was the post-game show of Kiner's Korner.

During the evening, I played their piano using several tunes, including "Deep Purple." I also happened to see around the 88-key instrument a purple music book and an 8-track tape of Paul Anka's greatest hits, featuring "Having My Baby," "The Times of Your Life," "Lonely Boy," and "Puppy Love."

That evening I was forced to sleep in Judy's bed. Why in a girls' bedroom? Not because I demanded to have sweet dreams in a female's den, but rather since my parents were using Harold & Irene's bedroom to lay their heads down. Judy's room was the first girl's bedroom for me to sleep in since I was an eight-year-old boy who just moved to California. Mindy, only a teenager and always my cousin, vacated her bed for me to sleep in. Foreign beds were still tough for me as Judy's was indicated. It's my own bed that has the most comfort.

Saturday, September 4. When we came to New York, the three of us had these people to see: Harold & Irene's in Rego Park, Sid & Evelyn's in Bayside, Bob & Anna's in Hamden, Conn., and Benny and Bevy in Great Neck. So far, we saw Harry and Irene, who was Mom's girlfriend. All we had to do was wait and see what we were up to.

It wasn't until after 1 in the morning that my parents went to sleep. They were talking about such things as Harold's job and where we went, and whom we saw. For me, despite my return to Long Island, it was just a rocky night for me.



But when I turned my radio on to start our ninth morning, I was stunned about what I heard. On WINS, it was sports time. What shocked me was that Manager Karl Kuehl of the Montreal Expos was fired. Expos' players knew it was coming because they lost respect for him. But, even with a 43-84 mark, I hoped that he would last the whole season. Kuehl's firing came at an instant pace after the Expos dropped a doubleheader to the Pittsburgh Pirates. He was replaced by scout Charlie Fox, onetime manager of the San Francisco Giants.

However, we had breakfast that morning and then we had to get moving since there were more people to see that day. On our way to Rosedale, we stopped at Harry's appetizing store. I just sat in the car with my solid-state machine on WNBC and then WABC.

Harry's place was located at Forest Hills, N. Y., where a longtime tradition of tennis matches had been spectated for several generations. It was a far cry from being a new city to me. It began right after leaving Harry's working place. First, we stopped at Drug City, hopefully to look for Uncle Ben, who was a drug clerk for many years. We talked to the clerk about the 1976 vacation trip from Day One to Day Nine, then asked him if Uncle Ben was in town. They weren't. Uncle Ben and Aunt Beverly were taking a summer vacation in Rome, Italy. Maybe they should have Israel instead. It was an exquisite pharmacy, but the only things that I took were vitamin tablets. Generally, I once took Ionamin and Ritalin, but I don't take those pills any more. On the bottom of the pharmacy's front door read "Ben-Bev, Inc." That meant Uncle Ben and Aunt Bevy formed Drug City into a legal corporation. But Drug City was not our only stop in Forest Hills.

Across the street, we tried to go into the Peter Pan Bakery without termination. Just as soon as we got in, guess who waited outside? Ely and Selma Jameron. And Selma teased her greeting to me: "Have I got a girl for you!" That was tough to overcome. The discussion lasted for about 15 minutes, which included Ben & Bev's pleasure in Italy. Eventually, we picked up several delicious pastries to take to four more friends of our organization who resided in Rosedale. It was a fun time for us in Forest Hills.

Now it was time for Rosedale, New York. In the interim, there were simply more and more minutes of free time. I heard traveling music on WABC including "Don't Go Breaking My Heart," "Still the One" by Orleans, and "It Only Takes A Minute," a Tavares hit single from the golden-oldies bunch. Dad made his mind up to stop at the Amoco gas station. That was a minor site. A major site for me was the building across the street, labeling "Jamaica Hospital." I was seen for the first time ever on March 23, 1960, right in that hospital. I hardly recognized anybody as yet. I didn't have any comments on the nurses delivering me or even have any conversation with "the girls on the job." My brain was too small. I didn't know Ed Wright, Nancy Loy or even know anything about Valerie Bertinelli, who was born on April 23 of the same year. All I did was cry, cry, cry, and things were hardly sweet for me then as it was for me now.

It was about 10:30 a.m. when our LTD pulled into Nora and Jeff's house for a visit that morning. Living with Nora and Jeff was the ancients of Uncle Max and Aunt Molly. Uncle Max was 93 years old and Aunt Molly lived her life at the age of 88. The senior citizens of the house were serving bacon that morning. I took bacon and tomato juice for breakfast. It had protein, but it also had chemicals and a lot of animal fat. In other words, bacon tasted good, but it wasn't good for me at all. Max, at 93 who could still hear what other Americans were saying at his age, said to Milt, "Benny's in Europe?" Of course, they were having a rap about two people who went crazy in Italy.

The New York Times had two interesting sports articles, and I read them. One was a headline reading "Darrell Johnson Will Manage Mariners." That meant Darrell Johnson, who got fired by the Boston Red Sox, was going to the Seattle Mariners, a new American League club, in 1977, where he would be the field manager. Another article mentioned "Portland Sells Sidney Wicks to the Jazz." Of course, they were talking about Sidney Wicks, formerly of the Portland Trail Blazers of the NBA, would be with the New Orleans Jazz for 1976-77. Sidney, however, denied the Crescent City.

Later I was worried about when was the time to leave Rosedale for Bayside. Hassling with my parents so much, I wound myself upstairs, sobbing, looking at my "Billy Joe" book. The conversation was by far too much for me to handle.



Sometime during the visit at Nora and Jeff's, I played a second organ, with Alan and Shirley owning theirs in Chicago. Jeff's model featured different ways to play it: clarinet, oboe, organ, etc. Of course, I picked up as many tunes as I could afford to, including the Bee Gees' 1975 theme hit, "Nights on Broadway." Where the lines read, "Well I'll have to follow you...though you did not want me to...that won't stop my loving you," Laurie and I had those roles Xeroxed.

When I finally came downstairs, I was on my way to looking at an interesting basement downstairs, but that was not so important. Neither was Aunt Molly's bathroom or the family's kitchen. Maybe I saw Temp Tee cream cheese, but that was all I could have in mind.

Finally, my suggestion about leaving Nora and Jeff's house had come. That was when Nora made her mind up and decided to choose Jeff, Beatty, Milt, and me to Bernie Berner's drugstore. There, I was to get back in the swing. How did I do that? Was it when I picked myself a Flair pen in the color of purple after thinking that my original writing stick disappeared? No, but I was happy to get at least something from Mary, our druggist. Was it by the time that I looked in the hair care section? No, but although it was very affordable to look at "pin-ups" on the boxes of Nice 'n Easy, Born Blonde, Summer Blonde, Clairol Herbal Essence Shampoo, Miss Clairol, plus a whole generation of brands. I did not even know that some of the hair conditioners had hair dye which would cause cancer, or detergent in shampoos. It wasn't discovered until I took Modern Health this year and then watching 60 Minutes for a discussion on hair dyes. There was one blonde that I now had to let go of, and that was Lenore. Nobody knew what happened to the one-time bagger at Albertson's. Was it the time I started rapping and Jeff started to keep quiet? Yes, that's what happened to me. So I finally got in the conversation when we left Bernie Berner's Drug Store and drove across the street to a place called Daitch Shopwell. It wasn't exactly like an A & P, Bohack or Grand Union, but there were coupon checkers, if that was the proper name. Dad and I took a few groceries back to Max's house.

Now I really woke up from a rocky morning by watching the Los Angeles Dodgers and Houston Astros on WNBC-TV (Channel 4). The Dodgers were not particularly hoping to catch Cincinnati anymore, and they just proved that by losing to the Astros and Joaquin Andujar, 5-2. The other game I had was the Philadelphia Phillies and the New York Mets. The Phillies were fighting for the National League's Eastern Division title. Although Mike Schmidt had power by hitting his 33rd homer of the season, his contending club lost, 7-3, for their eighth straight setback. During all those hours of big league ball, I turned organist again. I knew it was crazy, but you just couldn't take life away from that.

Even if they pass away and if I ever get the capability to write stories about them, I took a couple of pictures of Uncle Max and Aunt Molly from their backyard. Parenthetically, our lunch for the day was tuna sandwiches, if I had a genuine memory of that.

Now at 5:15 p.m., we said goodbye to Nora and Jeff for the last time in Rosedale, because they were talking with us about those same two persons to be moving to Dallas, Texas, where Nora's business was to be selling jewelry. If we ever make it there, I would like to know if she could sell and manufacture designated necklaces for me. Next stop: Bayside.

These people from California now were going back on a certain freeway with a "singing earplug" from WABC beefing up with "Don't Go Breakin' My Heart," and then later on, "I Should Have Known Better." When it got to the latter tune, we made it to beautiful Bayside, New York.

Now all we had to do is find 119-50 Bell Blvd., and we did that. Next step was the apartment number of Sidney and Evelyn Schwartz by ringing the buzzer and wait for an answer, a la Rhoda. That strategy paid off. So, after taking an elevator to the fourth floor, we found the place.

Never before did the Schwartz' gave us such a greeting as we heard of before, not even when they lived at Two Terrace Circle somewhere on Long Island. Evy told me that she made rice pudding especially for me. Sid's face reminded me of Russ Earnhart back home in La Habra, California. Warren was doing his stuff in privacy, and Jay must have been in town. And we got set to have a memorable evening that we could talk about for years.



Again, there were several points of interest around their deluxe apartment. First, it was their photo album of Warren's Bar Mitzvah in 1970. Two of his photos caught my eye. One had Warren get kissed, or tried to, by some gorgeous girls, and I don't think that embarrassed him at the age of 13. Another had him with real dollar bills flowing all over that Jewish boy. If that wasn't interesting, then maybe it was about an article about Smokey the Bear. He was famed for telling everybody that people can prevent forest fires for a generation. He was a favorite to many children, who should be careful not to play with matches. Smokey's biggest concern to build up his reputation was to avoid starting ANY fires. Smokey the Bear finally lost his job in 1975 and was eventually buried in New Mexico at the age of 80 in 1976.

Of course, there was the sports scene as well. I saw another pro football book that had its features on all 28 NFL teams--offense and defense. Another sports category that I looked up was basketball, from the 1976 Yearbook of the World Book Encyclopedia. It mentioned the dissolution of three ABA clubs--Baltimore, San Diego, and Utah. More to come later.

Everybody sat at the dinner table with me enjoying Evelyn's rice pudding. After dinner was over, I started to watch the New York Jets and Pittsburgh Steelers clash against each other. The Jets, at that time, were slumping under new coach Lou Holtz. Two commercials throughout the contest turned me on. One was a contest of its own sponsored by Datsun, where you could win a 280z and 25 G's (\$25,000 in cash and prizes). Another was Hess Gasoline, with its chain of stations from New York to Mississippi. It was named in honor of Leon Hess, one of the principal owners of the Jets. The Jets were out of gas as they lost to the Steelers and started its way to Holtz's resignation. That same game was also heard on WOR (710). I also turned on the Oilers-Cowboys game for the battle of Texas. Houston, who had been 0-5 in the preseason, finished the artificial schedule at zip-six. That was on WABC-TV with Alex Karras, Frank Gifford, and Humble Howard Cosell. Finally, I got to the Yankees-Orioles doubleheader on WPIX-TV (Channel 11) with its new slogan, "11 Alive!" Both clubs were alive, too, as the Yankees won the first game, 4-2, and the Orioles winning the nitecap, 6-2. All I hoped was the young lass, who was working on a TV ad for Yankee Franks, which were sold at Yankee Stadium, with the kid mentioning that one bite out of a Yankee Frank said that she would feel like being in the ball park, would not file a suit against its company just for that saying. Like many other franks, they might have chemicals which could get into your body, and they would stay there, permanently, if you ate one.

I understood that WMCA (570) carried the play-by-play of Billy Martin's fighting club. But that station had since turned into a different look. They now had a talk show, instead of rock-and-roll music. They had American Information Radio and Lou Bouda's Sports for ABC instead of the once-in-a-while singing of "Happy Birthday, Good Guy." After every song, he would turn into a fast-talking loudmouth, and that made me sick.

Dad, Sid, and I took an exercising walk to see if we could meet new friends, or look at new cars to see where other people came from. One car was from Vermont, and Dad was familiar with that state. It turned out to be another great walk for us. The three of us also appeared upstairs and went to the outside porch for an aerial nighttime look at Bayside, N. Y. Many teenagers were going out on Saturday night in their pick-up trucks with either 8-track tapes or stereos blasting through traffic. Speaking of music, I should mention that Ron Lundy had also played War's latest hit, "Summer."

Warren was at a movie by the time I did all those things, and I did not see him the rest of the night. I wished that I wanted to have such a room like his. There was a bumper sticker that said, "You're set for the Nets (New York, and now New Jersey) on WHN 1050 (then of the ABA, and now of the NBA. The New Jersey Nets are now heard on WMCA 570)." Also in Warren's room were bunches and bunches of books, games and sneakers. Then, I found an inflatable bed where I was to sleep for this evening. With a little bit of assistance, the bed was put together for me. So, when the night had mercifully came to a close, my parents were sleeping on top of Warren's regular bed with me tucked under the covers of the bed of inflation.



Sunday, September 5. This was going to be a big day for us because today, the three of us were going to be traveling to New England. Specifically, Hamden, Connecticut. Our last experience in driving to New England was back in 1967, when we drove all the way to New Haven, Connecticut. We got off Exit 47 in order to get to Reenee and Ernie Bauer's house. My cousin Marilyn was with us at that time. And I was only seven years young.

On September 4, 1926, Uncle Bob kissed Aunt Anna as his new bride for the first time. Fifty years later, they would be celebrating their golden anniversary of that very moment, and on our tenth straight day from California, we got invited.

It was seven in the morning and we just finished breakfast. There was so many athletic events happening on the previous night. First, let's get to these scores of the American League: Boston 7-0, Cleveland 6-4; Kansas City 7, Texas 0; Chicago 4, Minnesota 0; New York 4-2, Baltimore 2-6; Oakland 1, California 5; and Detroit 4, Milwaukee 0. In concentration if the Angels hit any home runs, they didn't. For the National League, it was Houston 5, Los Angeles 2; San Francisco 4, San Diego 3; Cincinnati 5, Atlanta 1; Chicago 5, St. Louis 1; Pittsburgh 5, Montreal 3; and New York 7, Philadelphia 3. All that stuff was featured in the N. Y. Daily News. There was an interesting feature in Dick Young's article that read, "If Earl Weaver is out at Baltimore, he'll manage the Angels."

Eventually, I checked in the New York Times, when this headline: "Marchibroda Quits Colts." Why would Ted Marchibroda come to a yacht club in Milwaukee and decide to resign as head coach of the Baltimore Colts after an exhibition record of 2-4? I thought he did a good job back in 1975 when his team showed a respectful 10-4 mark.

Of course, I had showered, picked my sharp clothes for the invitation, and ate my breakfast. Now I was listening to the radio (I heard WMCA outside, where they did a talk-radio program) with jazz-type music on WNEW (1130). I later on tuned to WEVD (1330) to hear speakers in Spanish. That was the only station to broadcast in eight different languages, including English. It must be close to the United Nations. At the same time, I was struggling to finish up any Cryptoquizzes in that crossword puzzle book of mine. More important, all I had to make sure was not to lose my stuff because we already experienced one blow (leaving a hair blower at my brother's house in Chicago was a terrible habit).

At 11:00 a.m., we got ready for the start of our farthest point away from our friends and neighbors in Orange County. Driving through Bayside, it was one more time for WABC, with all songs heard previously. One hit included "Younger Girl," an all-time great. It was a beautiful day for traveling, and we hadn't had too much traffic until we got to the Fresh Meadows Jewish Center. There were about a zillion persons in the way all those New York cars were parking. We met such people as the Dreyfuss Family, Irving & Sylvia Orowitz, and Roslyn & Harold Hornblau, whose son was having his own wedding.

When you go to Fresh Meadows, you think of that as one of the best Jewish places to come in and see for yourself. What I saw was a reading about the 1972 tragedy in Munich, just a few days after the end of the Olympic Games. Several terrorists were trying to hijack an aircraft at the Munich airport, and when the final figures were in, 11 Israelis were dead. That was truly a sad moment in Israel. In any case, it was now time for the conversation with all the other people. Not really a big deal, but I happened to sample just about every food they had. I was glancing through our first party to see people take their beer and champagne. A talented band did play easy music, such as "Love Will Keep Us Together" and "You'll Never Find A Love Like Mine." It also took me 16 years to learn the spelling of the word yarmulka, which is a Jewish cap that you wear in temple. Only boys and men wear them.

Concentration of our schedule eventually forced us to leave fabulous Fresh Meadows and travel farther on this bicentennial map. As soon as traffic, streets and the coast was clear, we were underway.

We had to pass by a couple of toll booths in New York State before finally discovering Connecticut. By the time we reached the Constitution State, the weather got gloomy. Not my radio. There was stations that appeared from the state of Connecticut. I don't remember the exact cities, but I found out that a "Beatles" weekend was sponsored in some particular town. What it referred to was that many of the Beatles' hits in their nine years of existence were played from



time to time on a certain radio depot. In addition to that, I also heard "Shake Your Booty," (K. C. and the Sunshine Band) and the "Wreck of Edmund Fitzgerald" (Gordon Lightfoot).

Overcoming money payments to the people in charge of the Connecticut toll booths, Dad called us for the Connecticut-Massachusetts-Rhode Island map to see where Hamden was. First of all, we used Interstate 95. It was just about after passing by Stratford that a change of roads had to be made. Only one way to get to Hamden was possible: take Connecticut 15 highway. And that was successful. We saw more and more of gorgeous New England. In fact, when we got closer to Hamden, it was the Red Sox and Indians throwing the balls and strikes, getting the hits and outs, and making the home runs and double plays against each other in Cleveland. Cleveland Municipal Stadium, that is, because the Red Sox had Reggie Cleveland pitching today. When the game ended, it was the Cleveland Indians on top, 6-3.

Ever since we left Fresh Meadows, we always were either following or get followed by cars that had their families who also were driving their way to the invitation. When we finally made it to the invitation, the name of the place we looked for was the Country Club Golf Course. That place, too, was lovely.

I must have felt crazy for being invited to any country club, because they would not have such drinks as milk, carrot juice, or V-8. Instead, they would be selling tequila, vodka, beer, and scotch, and I couldn't have such drinks as that. But Dad said I had to come with them due to the fact that they were leaving New York State and had wanted to see Uncle Bob and Aunt Anna. Anyway, I knew that I couldn't afford to have a liquor drink; the closest call to a healthy drink that I could have was fruit punch. That's also how come I seldom attend liquor parties. If I ever attended a liquor party, all I could have was fruit punch or ginger ale; and maybe after I'm old enough to drink (earliest legal age is 21 in California, 18 in New York and Connecticut).

In most bars they have television sets, like they did at the Country Club Golf Course. On the tubes was the Minnesota Vikings-Denver Broncos' NFL artificial contest. The channel: WNBC-TV from New York. I did not realize that WNBC-TV could be seen in Hamden, Conn. I got in the bar and said to myself, "I'm not trying to order a drink. All I'm doing is watching the game for pleasure, and that's final." One bartender saw that, however. I was kicked out of the bar, so now it was tough to see the following scripts: Fran Tarkenton, the Vikes' quarterback, doing color commentary about the game straight from the field. One play of a punt return being shown almost a dozen times (live button must be needing repair service). I did not go anywhere that much except for the times when there were samples of foods and adults enjoying their cocktails.

When the halftime point reached the game, I saw Tim Ryan work on a report of the future of the Tampa Bay and Seattle clubs. The Buccaneers, when playing at home, sold tickets like crazy. In Seattle, it was the same story. In fact, in their first game ever, they trailed San Francisco 27-0, then rallied back only to lose 27-20. But then, Dad called me because the ceremonies were almost ready.

I did manage to have a great time at the ceremonies, anyhow. People were singing songs from "Fiddler on the Roof" ("Matchmaker, Matchmaker," "If I Were A Rich Man," "To Life," etc.). Also they did "Fifty Short Years," a song about what a certain couple did from the time they got married to the time they came of age. But right after the ceremonies, I went back to the waiting chair, hopefully to leave as soon as possible. I tried to watch NBC Nightly News on Channel 4 with John Chancellor, trying to get the latest news about President Gerald Ford. At last, my parents were ready to get back to Evelyn's apartment after all three of us ate a delicious meal of dinner. It was simply too much for me to handle.

So we left a place that was filled with golf courses that you could see through all windows. Too bad Bing Crosby can't live a second time. In the days that we went on the road, the most consecutive number of nights that we put our heads to rest was three, but never in the same city. And now, we would be starting our Ford LTD from east to west. Less than 168 hours later, we would come home.

It was around 7:20 p.m. when we left the Country Club Golf Course in Hamden to go back on the Connecticut 15. I heard a song that I never thought that any jukebox station would become a hit. It was called "Ease on Down the Road." That



there was an original from its musical play, "The Wiz." For many months, I only thought that a portion of the song could be used for a commercial on KFVB in Los Angeles. I just missed hearing the Osmonds "One Bad Apple" for a second time in less than 10 days.

I saw one recognizable building back in Long Island, and that was the large Avon factory. My mom has been a representative of Avon since November, 1971, so she could make so much money for many campaigns. Originally an Avon manager, my decision from changing that role to an assistant worked quite remarkably because I delivered so many books to customers in Mom's territory.

Of course, we heard of degrees in celsius and in Farenheit. But when sweet Ron Lundy talks about the weather, he just didn't mention 71 degrees. He aforementioned that it was "71 WABC degrees." That wasn't all for Ronny. Eventually he was giving away WABC tee-shirts just for having people tell them that 77 WABC was their favorite New York station, and I heard all that. I heard the same top hits as before.

I felt great when we got back to New York. It was too bad that Dad was not able to keep all his money with him, as he paid it in several toll booths which impressed me. It was too bad that we could not carry a Delaware Volkswagen all the way back to Bayside. But it was great to be getting Ben and Bevy on our minds. For the first time since catching them at Disneyland in the summer of '74, we would be seeing my uncle and aunt in person, and not by long-distance phone calls. I hadn't been to their house since 1971, and that was when Great Neck had a black-out, meaning no electricity. There were so many objects that I liked so much in the house, namely a pool table, a game shelf, a downstairs freezer with quite a few bridge (contract) books in its storage bookshelf, a playing piano, over 200 music rolls manufactured by Q-R-S, the entire upstairs unit that included Randy's bedroom, a huge den with a comfortable television set plus a liquor cabinet, and so on. In the early days, New York had personalized license plates. On her 1962 Chevrolet station wagon, Bevy first had "BEV-62," then "BEV-11." Benny, who was originally working at Rexall, had licenses of "RX-74" and "RX-11" for his car. The two had scheduled to come home from their vacation in Italy tomorrow.

Somewhere between 9 p.m. and 9:30 p.m., we arrived at Evelyn's apartment, where a close call to tragedy struck us. One of Evelyn's friends called up Rome, Italy, and spread the word to us. She said that Benny had just suffered a heart condition, therefore forcing him to stay in Europe for at least two more weeks. So plans to see Ben and Bev had suddenly disappeared.

Despite the sad news, I still managed to get along in the conversation in the Sunday night party at Ev's house as I watched a cowboy-western movie on the TV set. Eventually, that covered up the evening as the same sleeping positions as Saturday night. It was going to be a long sleeping night for us from the time we heard that bit of stunning news from Italy. So, instead of sleeping in New York tomorrow night, we would leave New York and sleep elsewhere. And we would have to postpone a visit to 62 Westminister Road in Great Neck, where Benny was living.

Monday, September 6. Time now for Labor Day. It's just a whole bunch of new ideas for us. All three of us would now be showering or taking baths, or whatever the case may be, because we were to have breakfast. You just don't lose respect after hearing that your uncle was forced to stay in a continent other than North America for a couple of weeks. You just go ahead and see other people. I did not have high hopes to see Cathy Cotroneo and Maureen Shea. If I did, it should have been more respect than ever.

I like originalities the best. I remembered Cathy a lot better when her last name was legally McBride. I was only five years old when I should have acted like 16. Although Cathy thought that I was sweet by her familiar expression, "How's my baby?", I hardly felt love and respect. I was sent to bed at 8:30 every night for when school had come the following morning. So, in my early years, getting put to sleep by Cathy didn't work for me that well. If I had one wish for Cathy (and her husband Anthony), it would be for them to move to Orange County, California.

Maureen Shea reminded me of the times that she would take me down to a barber shop not too far away from where I lived. At that time, scissors worried me since I wasn't in a mood for the cutting shears, anyway. Her favorite saying is "No. 1,"



because that's what I was in Maureen's heart. Oddities were involved in herself. She was one of the few girls who would rather call me "Martin" more often than "Marty." In return, Mom used to call her "Shea," but I decided to take that out and ask Mom to call her "Maureen." During these years, Maureen has been working at a hospital in Queens. Both girls last made it to Southern California in 1975.

For most of the morning at the start of the 11th day on the road, I spent my time in Warren's room looking at the Tiger Beat Magazines, especially on John Travolta. His article, "John's Big Surprise," got me awoken. I might have been wondering what was Vinnie Barbarino's reaction to get mobbed by all those sweet admirers. I guess he managed to get out of that.

There was good television shows that morning. At 10:00 a.m., I watched "The Price is Right" on WCBS-TV (Channel 2) with Bob Barker as host. Ironically, it wasn't one of my favorite shows anymore. Not because "8" was the least common numeral used in prize bids, but rather because of people making showcase bids, and they frequently bidded too high. They just felt that costs of valuable items were going higher. On that same program, they have a spinoff after three contestants played pricing games, and they would do that twice a day. "The Price is Right" is only the second game show to last more than thirty minutes. "Dialing For Dollars" was the other. Following television's only current 60-minute game show, I switched to "The Wheel of Fortune" on WNBC-TV and maturing Chuck Woolery. A weird sound for anybody who spun a "Bankrupt" was added to the Hangman program. Following that came "Happy Days," and everybody knew who the star of the show was. What many people did not know was how to play "Hot Seat." Jim Peck, host of the series, said, "To play Hot Seat, you have to have married couples on the show. I decide who gets in the booth. Then I give the other contestant a question and let him choose between two answers that I give to him. The contestant in the booth is always sound-proof and cannot hear his answer. As soon as the answer is given by the person standing next to me, I declare the contestant's booth with the sound on. By that time, the one in the booth is always asked to say no whatever answers I give to her. The ratings then show the audience's reaction of my answers after she says no each time. If the audience agrees more with the contestant's given answer, the couple receives the amount of money given." Peck, who was referring to \$100, \$200, and \$400 questions, said afterward, "The couple that is more successful tries one more question that stands between themselves and the grand prize briefly explained by Ken Williams, our announcer. If the couple gets a connected answer, they win the big prize for the day." I didn't know if there was a couple winning a grand prize that day, but I discovered one couple that first met three days earlier, and got married instantly. And here's another "Hot Seat": Since 1973, I saw less than ten Delaware license plates in total. In 11½ days, I saw almost two dozen.

Previously, I watched a portion of the Jerry Lewis Telethon, with phone numbers given from the metropolitan area of New York City. Special guests included Earth, Wind & Fire, who sang "Getaway," and Vicki Sue Robinson, who did her work on "Turn the Beat Around."

At the end of Hot Seat, it also marked just about the end of our visit at Sid & Evy's, too. We packed up all our stuff with us as usual, put it in our car, and tried to go. But I didn't realize that when we locked all the car doors and windows, our car keys were in the ignition already. Our keys got locked in the Ford LTD! It seemed that we would never leave New York. While waiting for something to be done, I turned my radio on to hear "United We Stand." About three minutes later, Sid came up with an idea. "Milty, did I ever tell you that this idea works with a clothes hanger?" Sid asked. "Oh, yea, sure, I did that before," said Dad. In other words, what they were trying to get a portion of the hanger right inside the car so that it could reach the button of the door. "Could I do that, Dad?" I asked. "No, Marty, maybe some other time," Dad replied. In a matter of minutes, that job was done. From that point on, we always promised to remove our keys before locking your car, or else we had it with going places.

And finally, after about thirty minutes of packing and some free time for lunch, it was goodbye to Bayside, New York. Our next stop, and first in our east-west direction, was Great Neck.



But it was not to be Benny and Bevy's house. Instead, there were two people named Frank & Ira Gersch whom Dad wanted to see. That meant we were going to Great Neck as expected, but it was a cast of a different couple in our Jewish organization.

At 2:00 p.m., we arrived at their house. Again, because I felt that it was too much for me to manage, all I could do was take the New York Times sports page and read it in the living room. American League scores were as follows: Angels 3, A's 2; Rangers 3, Royals 1; Brewers 8, Tigers 6; Indians 6, Red Sox 3; Twins 18, White Sox 1; and Orioles 5, Yankees 3. The National League read Dodgers 4, Astros 0; Phillies 3, Mets 1; Cardinals 1, Cubs 0 (11 innings); Reds 6, Braves 4; Giants 5-1, Padres 0-6; and Expos 1, Pirates 0. I took a close look at the box scores and read the details of each game.

Now it was upstairs for me as I looked at McCall's magazines from months ago, including one issue which celebrated an important anniversary in it. Eventually, I went upstairs into Mrs. Gersch's bedroom, where her color TV set was located so I could watch the Mets and Cubs from Chicago's Wrigley Field. In that game, Dave Kingman, just back from six weeks on the disabled list, hit his 34th of 37 homers for the 1976 season to lead the Mets to a 7-4 win. They had to survive an 18th home run for Rick Monday, now playing center fielder for the Dodgers. I happened to like Lindsey Nelson's multi-colored jacket. It apparently cost more money than a one-colored blazer. During the game, I read an article about the N. Y. Giants, who played in San Diego two nights ago. For the East Rutherford, N. J. outfit, the outcome of the game meant nothing to themselves as they lost to the Chargers, 17-16. It was the concern of their teeth. Some of the players, such as Norm Snead, Craig Morton and Brad Van Pelt, failed to brush their teeth prior to the San Diego contest. So, in the writer's last statement, he wrote, "It's time to brush your teeth, Giants and potential Giants."

Also, while the Mets and Cubs were doing their baseball exercises, I looked at one magazine where there was a special offer on a hammock for sending in what was given to American residents by the manufacturers of Kool Cigarettes. I bet they felt very comfortable in the position they were in. They happened to be a married couple. Or was it boyfriend and girlfriend? Or just friends? Anyway, the photo of that barefooted couple must have been taken in traditional springtime.

Finally, I saw an AAA book that I loved to have taken home with me—Delaware-Maryland-Washington, D. C. If I went to Delaware, I would check to see how far it was between such cities as Wilmington, Dover, Lewes, and Rehoboth Beach. Instead, I had to settle for what was my very first Delaware resident from Ira & Frank. Here was the address: Dr. Douglas Gersh, 1252 Prospect Dr., Wilmington, Delaware 19809. Dr. Gersh just moved out of the Diamond State recently.

When I finally joined the conversation, my parents, who wanted to take me to Philadelphia previously, would not do that. That's when the Gershes and Felsenfelds found out that the City of Brotherly Love still had swine-flu shots taken at the now-defunct Bellvue-Stratford Hotel. Some people may have felt a spreading of the disease, which caused 29 deaths and left 151 people wounded in bicentennial July. That meant we were unable to drive down to Philly in America's 200th year. After that, I was given Dr. Gersh's address if we wanted to visit him, like now. Not in 1976. We had concentration on sleeping at a hotel for now, so to end our evening, I quickly watched the Jerry Lewis Telethon, sponsored by McDonalds, to learn the news that more than \$21,000,000 was made.

It was a little bit of sad times as we got ready to leave New York. In addition to Middle Village, I happened to pass by nearby Jackson Heights (or Elmhurst). Our old block on 75th Street had so many fond memories, you could count them with the number of days we have gone by so far. First, let's take 40-42 75th Street. In 1964, when we moved to our new apartment, I discovered two things: a '64 alumnac, and a station playing rock music. I did the latter part for most of my life ever since. In 1965, I was introduced to Cathy ("How's my baby?") McBride, but I hardly had any conversations with her except when both of us had a picnic lunch together. That might have not happened until I was 7. Also, in 1965, my family met Maureen Shea to find out what was going on with her. Same story in 1966. I remembered the day of my 7th birthday. On that night, I started to scrape some paint off my closet doors. And in '68, we just packed up and moved to California.



In my opinion, that setup in our upstairs apartment hardly turned me on. I got frightened of our clothesline pole because there was one part of it that would not be attached to the other end of it. In fact, I kept my shutters locked so that I could avoid looking at the backyard itself. Downstairs, Dr. Feder was busy at his work. Once in a while, I went down to see what was to happen with his patients.

Our old apartment was not the lone memory of Elmhurst. On our same block was the deluxe King Henry Apartments and Elle' French Cleaners, where Mother used to take any clothes that needed work on. The cleaners take a "One Hour Martinizing."

Best of all, there was our old store called Jack's Dairy. That site, located on 75-12 75th Drive, was my earliest job ever. Most people don't start big jobs until they get to their teens. But when I was in a kindergarten age, I worked with Dad behind the cash register. It wasn't all well behind the counter, however. I had to overcome days of Franco-American spaghetti, sodas from our own beverage section, flirting with our adding machine, etc. to get that job. I would have loved to have worked with Dad after 7:00 p.m., except that I was a little young of age, and almost every night, I was forced in bed at 8:30 p.m.

Next door to Jack's Dairy was Casa Bella, an Italian restaurant that I should now afford to go to, since my favorite foods come from Italy. Two doors down, is the Real Estate Broker's office. Louie, who worked there, would come to Jack's Dairy quite often and tease me by greeting, "Hello, Louie!" Sometimes, I would greet him with "Hello, Martin!"

I could remember a few other famous sites in Elmhurst. One was a Billiards Club for those who knew how to play pool; another was the Queensboro-8th Subway, where I used to take my "F" trains to Bellvue Nursery School on a daily basis, and across from Jack's Dairy was the Liffey Tavern Bar. I would not go in there since cocktail waitresses would not serve tomato juice. Instead, they would give single people a drink of tequila.

For nearly all of its entirety in traveling through our ex-home city, I added one of my Donny tapes to life. Eventually, we noticed what happened as we faded away from the rest of New York. First, I learned that Trenz Meats was now a discontinued business. Then I happened to spot a motorcycle that fell on the highway and caused injury to its driver. I hoped that he was O. K. Later, I spotted the JB Watchband building. In its interim, WABC had played "Still the One." And in order to get to Lionville, Pa., our stop for the night, we had to pass by two bridges. The first was the Verrazano Bridge, which took us to Staten Island, with its glory, the Statue of Liberty, in the background. Gothels Bridge was our chief use to get back to New Jersey following Staten Island. Still it wasn't a direct trip. Dad made his mind up to stop at Howard Johnson's in the middle of the way to Lionville. If this is right, I took a Hawaiian Punch fruit can with me. Not long after another of all those rest areas, we traveled by the New Jersey Turnpike. One toll booth payment subsequently led our way to Pennsylvania.

From the time we passed by the N. J. Turnpike, I saw a Levitz Showroom building and a sign that involved America's 200th anniversary. Later on, more gas had to be filled up, where I heard an interesting commercial from a station in North Carolina. It was sung to a particular tune of San Diego County Chevrolet Dealers. I would not forget that ad, wouldn't I? Not me.

Our highway must be a perfect match to that memorable year as we drove on Interstate 76. Sooner or later, we got Lionville's only AAA-Listed motel, the Holiday Inn. In the site's banquet, we had an enjoyable meal of dinner. Then it was upstairs to our room, where I watched the N. Y. Yankees dump Boston, 6-5. Report from San Diego: 20-game winner Randy Jones lost his 12th decision following the Dodgers' 4-1 conquer of the Padres. Time of L. A.- S. D. game: 1 hr. 58 min. Both reports came from the ABC-TV affiliate in Philadelphia (WPVI, Channel 6). I also fixed up my Dist-O-Map by coloring almost all of the white tops of the Interstate shields red, its genuine color. Meanwhile, Dad was making his preparations for the next day, with a possibility of a good night's sleep in Dayton, Ohio.

In my first two road stops in Pennsylvania, I barely experienced a grand total of six hours or so (about two when traveling to New York in '71, and the other in Du Bois, Crazytown, U. S. A. for us). But in Lionville, I finally had to go for sweet dreams, and this time, there was nothing funny about sleep, the most important part of rest. You would need at least 8 hours of that, even in Pennsylvania.



Tuesday, September 7. You'll never guess what day it was! No, it's not that we now went into the twelfth day out of California, though our Ford LTD started to face the West Coast. No, it's not Dad's, Mom's or my birthday. Since there was just one way to take our garbage out back in La Habra, it would be to fly home. It's not even wedding day, though Harry Korman's daughter, Judy, eventually got married. Today was brochure day in Pennsylvania (for us).

It all started when we got up and ate breakfast in Lionville. At the same time, Dad checked our hotel key back to the front-office desk to that more sights could be found anywhere. Shortly after that, it was time to leave. Since Lionville had no radio station in that city, I found the closest one between Lionville and flubugged Philadelphia, I heard one deejay say, "Let's forget about what happened to the Eagles in the exhibition season." He was in reference to the Philly Eagles' 0-6 fiction story. In less than thirty seconds, I heard a new title from James Taylor, called "Shower the People With Love," or something like that.

A direct morning non-stop hardly came. We stopped in a place that was filled with Dutch treats everywhere, ranging from blondes to Butch van Breda Kolff-type people. Actually, we tried to look for souvenirs to take back to our neighbors back home, but there was nothing at all.

One of our most important stops of the day was to be Lancaster, Pennsylvania, otherwise known as Amish Country. Already Dad stopped at two Exxon gas stations, where I picked up the following maps: Eastern United States, Delaware-Maryland-Virginia-West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, all in the same morning. For California (state of, that is, due to a town called California, Pa.) residents, Amish Country was the land of the six B's (buggies, beards, barns, bridges, bonnets, and barefeet). It didn't remind me much of "Little House on the Prairie," but Mom and Dad admitted to get off Interstate 76 and on to U. S. 30. My parents just wanted to see another beautiful piece of land.

How did I know that Amish Country was the land of the six B's? By stopping at a souvenir shop, that's how. I picked up a 32-page souvenir book on Amish Country, despite my parents having to give up \$1.79 to keep the guide. With War's "Summer" in radio background, we hit exquisite barns, grass, and pioneer-type outfits. It was so beautiful, we later on asked a few people how to get to Hershey, Pa. Getting back to that other place, we also picked up a set of dinner napkins which were still yet to open for over a year now. Where did the napkins come from? Intercourse, Pa., a suburb of Lancaster. There were rumors about getting a decorative item for Nancy Loy, whom I would see just six days from now—if I could get home in time. Using Pacific Standard Time, there were approximately 144 hours left in our summer vacation, and I still have not revealed the name of my new morning and afternoon bus drivers. We couldn't buy anything for Nancy, not even Cooper iron-on letters, but I loved that place. But I selected three more brochures on Lancaster or nearby. Names of the pamphlets are: Folk Craft Museum (Country Crafts of Witmer), The Eagle Americana Shop and Gun Museum, and the Amish Farm and House.

Still a young morning, we needed help, directions, and Interstate 76 and U. S. 322 to arrive at another new city: Hershey, Pennsylvania. By getting into the sports scene, I spotted the Hersheypark Arena, which seated 7,300. It was a famed site on March 2, 1962. Why? Because that night, Wilt Chamberlain, playing center for the old Philadelphia Warriors, made 36 field goals and 28 free throws for a grand total of 100 points. Many teams before and since were incapable of matching the Big Dipper's performance for team totals in single games. What I did not know was that a football stadium was adjacent to it.

What we came for was a discovery of how chocolate was made back in the late 1800's. I was lucky when the car parked next to us was a Volvo, a green foreign auto right out of Delaware. It was great, but the site was more important to us now. Name of the site: Hershey's Chocolate World. Inside we happened to meet a married couple who was visiting Hershey, and their home was in Toronto, Canada. I haven't been to Canada since 1974, when winning towns came in Victoria (Butchart Gardens) and Vancouver (Pacific National Exhibition). It was a long wait, talking about 15 minutes prior to saying goodbye to the Canadians. So far, I liked the souvenir shop. They sold candy like crazy (Hershey's products included Mr. Goodbar, Milk Chocolate, both with and without almonds, Hershey's Kisses, Special Bars, Krackel, etc.). Store clerks also sold tee-shirts, bibs, glasses for drinking,



and much more. I checked the backs of some candy bars to see if they were made in town. All of them were made in Hershey. First, we decided to discover a fantasy journey of Hershey's Chocolate World. The announcer mentioned every step from the beginning of cacao bean plantations in the tropics to how Milton S. Hershey became famous for making sugar-coated chocolate. We saw how they steamed up and put all of that brown-colored syrup in factories. That wasn't the only part of interest. I also remembered our seating positions, with me in the front and my parents sitting in the back. If it was a family of four, I would have invited Diane Levin. Who was Diane Levin? She was a neighbor who lived just two houses away from us at 641 N. Laura St. She, like us, also was Jewish and would have seen what Fresh Meadows was to her. And I would have known that she could have taken a look at all of Hershey's Chocolate World. I tried to learn the proper steps of combing hair from her, but it was not the way I wanted to learn, since I wanted to go for curly hair. Leaving Diane back home was a smart move for me because I would get worried by having her say that I had too much flexibility.

After our journey, I started to look at some Hershey banners hanging from the ceiling, and they were quite remarkable. Then I started to read about the life of Milton S. Hershey. Since I hadn't had enough space for me to talk, because of my parents and my radio support, I had to read some of the blocks aloud, "to turn Diane on." Later on, it was lunchtime, and you know what I had? Chocolate, naturally. Not candy. Hot cocoa without whipped cream. My mom had a doughnut for herself, and I managed to keep away from that.

Of course, we didn't go away empty-handed. When we left Hershey, I wound up with a photo of the front building to the chocolate factory, plus the pamphlets to Milton Hershey School, Hershey's Chocolate World, Hersheypark U. S. A., and Discover Hershey. Dad got a bib for Sammy and some candy bars to eat on the way, also from guess who. Not bad for a town that populated 7,407 supporters of world famous candy bars. I said that I would come again someday.

Now it was going to be Harrisburg's turn to look for these three Felsenfelds. They would find me listening to my Donny Osmond tapes, obviously no problem. They would see father and son each take an exposure of the Capitol Building, with one showing its trees and one without them. What Harrisburg people didn't know was that a rented car from California just left New York less than 24 hours ago and started for home. If we talked to any locals, our Harrisburg stop would last about an hour. Residents might have known that we got hungry at just about every third stop we made.

A handful of quarter-hours following our depot at Pennsylvania's capital city, we stopped at Howard Johnson's restaurant. I promised myself by releasing grilled cheese sandwiches, french fries, and Coca-Colas. Taking over for those junk foods were bacon, sausages, and tomato juice, which wasn't much improved. I wanted to do that for the Denny family in Portland, Oregon and the Eggleston clan in Huron, S. D. For 11½ days it was like throwing a no-hitter at the fried potatoes. But the "no-hitter" abruptly came to an end at Howard Johnson's take-out place. I wound up ordering a cheeseburger, a soft drink and french fries. I was worried that if I ever went out on a date and ate stuff like that in front of her, she would turn me off. For real, nobody could turn me off because they, too, hunger for grease. Now I wanted to try to make that my first time, and last, to eat frenchies for an entire trip. A one-hitter, in short.

Any other memorized stops for the balance of Pennsylvania were near-nullified except for turnpikes, mountains, tunnels, local radio stations, and open-windows. For a while, it was simply merged interstates of 70 and 76, later 70 only. We never stopped at Gettysburg, but we had four brochures in hand: Jennie Wade House, The Famous Hall of First Ladies Exhibit, The Lincoln Room Museum, and Showcase of the Civil War. One other pamphlet we took came from an advertisement specializing the Pottery Hill at York, Pa., where Pfaltzgraff Stoneware was sold. Otherwise, fun in the Keystone State was over.

And now we arrived in a new state, called West Virginia. It was kind of almost heaven. We only traveled through one major city, and that was Wheeling. You could see all those factories and buildings around the town. How long did we travel in West Virginia? Only for about ten minutes. But when we left the Mountain State, I came to Ohio, where I learned in a few previous groups of half-hours, that Ted Marchibroda, who quit the Baltimore Colts on Sunday, changed his mind and returned



to coach that NFL team again. So the '76 coaching lineups now became accurate.

For the second time in six days, we arrived at the Buckeye State. I could remember our stop at nearby Toledo, but hardly did any other rest areas occurred to us. This time, we started off with a blast. First stop: another gas fill-up, and another can of tangy soda from the vending machine. Remember that Ohio was not a blondes' state, but about two months later, that one stop reminded me of Annette Urie. Who was Annette Urie? She started it all in Adaptive P. E., where girls could join in Coach Gib Dear's classroom, which had been for boys only, for the first time ever. Annette's first visit to what was now Co-Ed P. E. was when her family came fresh from a vacation trip in Minnesota and Ohio. And Annette, who eventually took Gregg Shorthand, is blonde. The closest city on my Dist-O-Map to the gas station was Cambridge, Ohio.

I failed to pay attention to any other towns until we went through Zanesville, named for a famous man named Zane Grey. Yes, Zanesville was listed in my mileage book. It was around 7:00 p.m. when we passed by those beautiful farm crops. Now I could tell for sure that Ohio was Walter Alston country.

Somewhere in the Buckeye State, I heard that a reminder was given to me about University of Dayton football team, which had 19 of its 22 starters returning. The other three starters might have graduated. But never mind that, because for now, we have arrived in Columbus, Ohio's capital city. When the point about taking an exposure of its capitol building. But my Kodak camera wasn't good and strong enough for night pictures. And in Columbus, the sun was going down. It was tough making my mind on whether or not I wanted to take that shot or not. But I decided not to. Instead, I got a matchup in Columbus: the capital city and the Ohio Players' "Fire." Minutes later, it got fully dark.

Now it was time for WLW (700) from Cincinnati, Ohio, where the world champion Cincinnati Reds and Houston Astros proved to find out which team won. Starting lineups for both teams went like this: Astros--Gross, rf; Cabell, 3b; Cedenio, cf; Watson, 1b; Johnson, c; Cruz, lf; DaVanon, 2b; Metzger, ss; Sambito, p. Reds--Rose, 3b; Griffey, rf; Morgan, 2b; Bench, c; Perez, 1b; Concepcion, ss; Armbrister, lf; Geronimo, cf; Norman, p. Marty Brennaman, Cincinnati's play-by-play announcer, knew their first names and spellings of their positions. As we traveled through I-70; scores of that particular game went as follows: Astros, 1-0 (1 inn.); Reds, 2-1 (4 inn.); Reds 4-1 (5 inn.); and Reds, 5-1 (6 inn.).

By now, we have arrived in Dayton, Ohio, and that is not a new city to me. I remembered 1967 when I first arrived in Dayton. My cousin Suzy, Aunt Miriam and Uncle Eddie all resided at 5774 Traymore Drive. Across the street lived a girl about my age who surprisingly had a crush on me. Her name was Shirley Miller, and her address was 5781 Traymore Drive. In the winter of '70, I saw these same people again. So, for the evening, we stayed at another Holiday Inn, where we ate our dinner. They had one of the nicest-looking tables in all our stops made up to par. As before, we returned back to our hotel to work on all kinds of events. For example, the Houston-Cincinnati game, where after  $8\frac{1}{2}$  innings, Brennaman said, "We've got some work to do. It's the Astros 10, and the Reds 5." Unfortunately, for Cincinnati and their manager of Sparky Anderson, the work was never done. The Astros won, 10-5. But why worry? Cincy was having a good year, anyway.

In our hotel room, I noticed a television set where you could finally turn to a UHF channel for you could go one number at a time, instead of 15-19, or something like that. If you wanted Channel 44, you would take 30 clicks to get to that number. Sounds interesting, doesn't it?

Other things I did for the rest of the night were as follows: find the Dayton phone book to look up Shirley Miller's phone number. I actually found it (513-233-1603). By now, Shirley must be attending high school. Also, I learned that in the summer of '67, I knew how we got back from Dayton to New York. Answer: by taking a 24-hour train. Going non-stop for 24 hours was by far my longest ride ever, and the one-day trip from Milwaukee to New York didn't even make it close.

By now, I switched from clothes to pajamas in the hotel bathroom, and guess what radio station was on? It was WCBS (880), of course. According to the Dist-O-Map, Dayton was 628 miles west of New York City. And that was it for the evening, several minutes later. I slept in a bed which gave me my most comfort since back home.



Wednesday, September 8. Busy morning in Dayton. First, we started our day by showering (or taking a bath) and getting dressed. Then, we ate breakfast down at the coffee shop, which probably included cereal and tomato juice. In the previous night, I picked up a brochure on Pro Football's Hall of Fame, set at Canton, Ohio, where the National Football League was born (in 1920). It would always fascinate me on visiting Canton someday. But not in 1976.

Eventual things happened to Suzy, Miriam, and yes, my cousin Marilyn since we last toured Dayton in early January, 1970. Marilyn got married to Ray Long in 1974. Miriam and Suzy moved to La Habra shortly after leaving Dayton to reside in two places in four years of fun in the Orange County (Calif.) city. Soon, they moved to Santa Barbara, where cousin Suzy would attend college at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Suzy still attends UCSB, but Miriam has now moved to Long Beach, for her fourth home in seven years.

In January, 1969, Uncle Eddie, 51 years old, was dead. Dad instantly flew to Dayton to attend his funeral. And now we were to see Uncle Eddie's block after he died. But first, we had to stop by a temple to pick up the address of the cemetery, as well as a "Key" guide to Dayton.

Guess where Uncle Eddie was buried? If you said Huber Heights, Ohio, that's correct. That's where I happened to take a picture of his grave which showed us that he was one of the greatest uncles in our organization. If Edward Felsenfeld was still alive, he would have heard about how crazy he would be when we stopped at DuBois, Pa., also would have seen four new members added to our family.

Now it was time to find a place to sleep for the evening. So we stopped for gas once more, with WLW on my 5-bander. Who cared what they talked about on "WLW 7" that morning was not major. And within an hour, Cincinnati was on our way.

My brother Robert was in Cincinnati quite a few times. If I had made it to the Queen City before, I must have forgot much about everything then. But in '76 I could see the light. Especially the buildings of Proctor & Gamble (soap products) and Riverfront Stadium (Cincinnati Reds). But then, I saw a sign that showed the way to Indianapolis (I-74). Immediately, Dad shouted, "One day at a time!" due to the fact that the exquisite TV show took place in the Indiana city. Well, why not follow that slogan, anyhow? We just happened to be on Day No. 13, perhaps a superstitious day.

But we did not want I-74, so in several minutes, we traveled from Cincinnati to Kentucky to see how much we could explore there. This would be my first journey through the Southeast. Our Interstate number has now reached 75.

Stops in Kentucky were so few of number, anyhow. The biggest one of all came at Hodgenville, Ky., where Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States, was born. Here's a story from 56 jubilant years of life taken from the World Almanac on one of America's greatest leaders:

"Abraham Lincoln, 16th president, Republican, was born Feb. 12, 1809, in a log cabin on a farm then in Hardin Co., Ky., now in Larue. He was the son of Thomas Lincoln (1778-1851), a descendant of Samuel Lincoln, who came from Hingham, England, 1637, settled at Salem and Hingham, Mass., and had 11 children. Thomas Lincoln, a carpenter, married Nancy Hawks, June 12, 1806. Nancy has been long believed to have been illegitimate, the 'natural' daughter of Lucy Hanks. Recent research, however, strongly suggests that Nancy was not illegitimate. Experts disagree on her parentage (one says Mary Berry and Thomas Hanks, others say Lucy Shipley and James Hanks), but most agree that the charge of bastardy arose from a confusion of names and political spite during Abraham Lincoln's life.

Abraham had a sister, Sarah, born 1807, died 1828, and a brother Thomas, who died in infancy.

The Lincolns moved to Spencer Co., Ind., near Gentryville, when Abe was 7. Nancy died Oct. 5, 1818, aged 35. His father married Mrs. Sarah Bush Johnston, 1819; she had a favorable influence on Abe. In 1830 the family moved to Macon Co., Ill., where Abe and a cousin split 3,000 fence rails. In 1831 they moved to Coles Co. In New Salem, 1831-1837, Lincoln lost election to the Illinois General Assembly, 1832, but later won 4 times, beginning in 1834. He enlisted in the militia for the Black Hawk War, 1832. In New Salem he ran a store, 1833; surveyed land, 1834-36, and was a postmaster, 1833-36.

In 1837 Lincoln was admitted to the bar and became partner in a Springfield, Ill., law office. He began practice in the 8th Judicial Circuit, 1839. He was



a presidential elector, 1839, 1844, 1852, 1856. He failed of nomination for representative, 1843, but was elected to the 30th Congress, 1847. He opposed the Mexican War. He stumped New England for Zachary Taylor, 1848. He refused office of secretary and governor of Oregon Territory, 1849. He opposed the Kansas-Nebraska Act and extension of slavery, 1854. When elected to the Illinois legislature, 1854, he declined in order to try for the Senate, but failed of election, 1855. He was proposed but not chosen for vice president at the first Republican convention, 1856, and he made 50 speeches for John C. Fremont, presidential nominee.

In 1858 Lincoln had Republican support in the Illinois legislature for the Senate but was defeated by Stephan A. Douglas, Dem., who had sponsored the Kansas-Nebraska Act. The issues were debated by Lincoln and Douglas Aug. 21-Oct. 15 at Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy, and Alton, Ill.

Lincoln was nominated for president by the Republican party on an anti-slavery platform, at Chicago, May 18, 1860. He ran against Stephen A. Douglas, northern Democrat; John C. Breckinridge, southern pro-slavery Democrat; John Bell, Constitutional Union party. Lincoln got only 40% of the votes, but 180 electoral votes; Breckenridge, 72; Bell, 39; Douglas, 12. South Carolina seceded from the Union Dec. 20, 1860, followed in 1861 by 10 southern states.

Lincoln was inaugurated Mar. 4, 1861. Fort Sumter was attacked Apr. 12-14, and surrendered. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers Apr. 15, and 500,000 May 3. On Sept. 22, 1862, 5 days after the battle of Antietam, he announced that slaves in territory then in rebellion would be free Jan. 1, 1863, date of the Emancipation Proclamation. He reached high degrees of moving eloquence in his Gettysburg and Inaugural Addresses and other speeches.

Lincoln was reelected, 1864, over Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, Democrat. Lee surrendered Apr. 9, 1865. On Apr. 14 (Good Friday) Lincoln was shot by actor John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, Washington. He died the next day. His body lay in state in New York, Chicago, and other cities before burial in Springfield, Ill. His estate reached \$110,974, most of it saved from his annual salary of \$25,000. His humanity, lofty concept of office and generous spirit made him the hero of the common man the world over.

Lincoln married Mary Todd in Springfield, Nov. 4, 1842; they had 4 sons."

That's not reality to us. What really happened was that we toured Lincoln's world all in one place. Examples: the 56 steps to his native log cabin (56 stood for how many years President No. 16 has survived), and a tree that stood tall and old. Yes, it was around for 200 years. But I had to take photos of the said items, (The Sinking Spring was included), or else I wouldn't show my friends on what the Bluegrass State was like. And, of course, the spirited souvenir shop, where I made a purchase on Lincoln postcards and a booklet christened "Abraham Lincoln From His Own Words and Contemporary Accounts." If I lived in Hodgenville, where I finally had to jettison one of my 40 Dixie Riddle cups and go with 39, "The Life And Times Of Abraham Lincoln" would become a remarkable setting for us.

Kentucky was made famous for Colonel Sanders' Chicken. So, we stopped somewhere to pick up an order K. F. C. Kentucky Fried Chicken in Kentucky! Wow! That's something to enjoy once in a while. Doesn't it remind you somewhat of the ABA's Kentucky Colonels, who just folded?

But shortly after getting back on one of our important interstates, we got off of it again. Why? Because I wanted to eat some chicken from my lunchbox. While I did that, I heard a song that I hadn't listened to since October 28, 1974. Its title was called "Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania," Guy Mitchell's 1952 number.

Still on I-65, it was now adieu to Kentucky and a darling welcome to Tennessee. About less than 60 minutes following our arrival at the Volunteer State, we made a stop at Nashville, where I took a shot at the state capital building. Not an assassination, but an exposure. As you should know by now, Nashville is Music City, U. S. A. To me, that role belongs to Southern California. Still nibbling on my chicken, we executed our adventure to Interstate 40. It was too bad that our brief stay in Nashville could have added more fun to what we managed so far in about two weeks. I saw a billboard probably mentioning a brand new 1977 Chevrolet.

Since departing "Grand Ole Opry," our long string of sunny weather has ended. Small portions of thunder could be heard on my radio. Mom was concerned about head



ing back for California. The only possibility of doing that was to fly home. Of course, that situation was nixed. But inside the jukebox, I began to hear some old tunes with new names. Morris Albert, famed for his popular hit, "Feelings," did another takeoff number. This one was called "Everybody Loves Somebody," Dean Martin's 1966 45er. Again, from Nashville, I heard one D. J. call his box on WLAC 1510, WLAC 15. Rock beat, of course, with the singers who sometimes take alcohol. And on the other side of I-40, an ABC Sports truck passed by. Maybe they were going somewhere on the West Coast. Maybe they were shuffling off to Buffalo for the Monday Night Game between the Miami Dolphins and Buffalo Bills, where O. J. Simpson had not signed his contract yet. Whatever, ABC, who subsequently became television's most valuable network, went where they were supposed to.

Nothing else was fascinating, except for a study of my Disto-Map and our playing of 20 Questions, until we arrived at or near Memphis. Dad showed me the way to get to the Danny Thomas Memphis Golf Classic. I must have thought of Danny who was advertising Norelco's Dial-A-Brew Coffeemaker. Better to say, Memphis might have been called "Presley Land," in memory of singer Elvis Presley. Where is Memphis? On the southwest tip of Tennessee. What did that mean? No, it did not mean a change of our clocks and watches from Eastern Standard Time to Central Standard Time. That part was done during our journey at Kentucky. It meant time for hearing Peter Frampton's song, "Baby I Love Your Way" as the sun sets in the west and the water flows and flows around. I could see the Memphis Holiday Inn on the other side of the river. But actually, it was time for Arkansas. We had to pass by one of the bridges to get there.

Instantly, as it had been for many years, it was time to find out-of-town stations. First, I heard another takeoff number, that one by Anne Murray. Murray, who originally did "Snowbird" (1970) and "Danny's Song," (1973) decided for oldies. In '74, she jobbed "You Won't See Me" from Beatlemania, and now last year, she did one more Xeroxer. Name of tune: "Things" (original artist was the late Bobby Darin). One of the best parts of that song had to do with "lonely avenue," meaning that one entire block of houses was completely quiet. No parties, no stereos, no television sets on, no blenders, no in-sinker-ators gobbling up the garbage, no nothing. Just peace and quiet, like my Billy Joe paperback.

Turning to baseball, the St. Louis Cardinals and the Montreal Expos were now playing somewhere. But where? Jarry Park? It could be. I did not bring my '76 Sporting News Baseball Guide with me, so I precisely forgot where two low-key clubs would play that night. I said Jarry Park for about three reasons. First, attendance in Montreal was down, way down. The Expos used to draw a million in their early years of existence, but they would be a far cry from that in 1976. Fans stayed quiet until their club had a rally going. Second, the weather at Parc du Jarry got pretty bad, it forced the Expos to play a number of doubleheaders at home in double figures. There were no places to hide at all. Usually, when rain fell down, it instantly meant to take the rest of the day or night off and schedule the rained-out game for another night. The doubleheader situation covered reason number three.

Well, the Cardinals and Expos did play a doubleheader in the National League, and the attendance was kept to a low figure, and yes, the Expos were rallying. But did they really play in Canada? No, they played at Busch Stadium in St. Louis, although the two teams just played in Jarry Park no more than 24 hours ago. On an Arkansas station, I turned on the ninth inning of the first game, with St. Louis on top, 5-4. But in the ninth, I heard the following plays: Pete Mackanin and Gary Carter led it off with back-to-back singles. Then Bombo Rivera bunted and forced Mackanin at third. Jose Morales made a ground out, but Barry Foote singled, scoring two runs, and the Expos led, 6-5. Tim Foli was walked intentionally, then an Al Hrabosky wild pitch to give Montreal a 7-5 lead, something Dale Murray held in the bottom of the ninth to give Joe Kerrigan the victory, his first against four losses. Following the Cards' sponsors of the first game, I tried something else now.

We stopped at another gas station, with a market adjacent to it. Soon, I had a report from CBS sports, when somebody said, "Steve Yeager is lucky to be alive!" Immediately, I passed that statement to Mom, who was a deliberate Dodger fan since the days of Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson. Now Mom was worried about the conditions of Yeager, once a La Habra resident. I soon found out that he was in stable condition, meaning that he was okay. Yeager got hit in the throat during a game in San Diego.



Now it was time for the second game between the Expos and Cardinals. Montreal started its first 20-game winner in the club's organization, Gerald Hannahs of the Quebec City Carnivals of the Eastern League. In his first start, he gave up five runs in the first inning. The Expos gave him one in the third. But the third inning was all he could survive as Charlie Fox, Montreal's interim manager, came to the mound and changed pitchers like crazy. Meantime, we were only minutes away from Little Rock, Ark. In fact, we came to town in the sixth inning, when once again the Expos totally made their comeback. I saw bars with the old Budweiser logo on the outside. I saw cars coming from Arkansas that either had its slogans, "Land of Opportunity," or didn't. But most of all, we spotted our first Holiday Inn, at North Little Rock. We tried to sleep in that hotel. So the three of us took our dinner (and dessert) at the first Holiday Inn. But we discovered that one person said that that hotel was booked up and could not have any vacancies. Besides, they were building a complex next door. I knew I felt tired of switching from one place to another in ten minutes, but it had to be done. The best one available for us was the Downtown Holiday Inn in Little Rock. That time reservations gave us space to sleep in. One of the black people took our valices into our room via elevator. No doubt about it, since I talked about blacks earlier in the day. It was not right to say anything about the dislikes, bottom ratings, talent, or anything about blacks. They just knew what they were doing.

By the time we made it to our room, I learned that the Expos scored five runs in the sixth inning to relieve starter Eddie Solomon. It wasn't till later that the Expos went on to win, 8-7. Joe Kerrigan won his second game in one day.

Finally, after all that searching for pamphlets which came from St. Louis, Kansas City and Branson, Missouri, and one from Wilmington, Delaware, we laid our six eyes to rest for the night.

Thursday, September 9. It's hard to believe that we now have traveled two weeks since Nancy Loy came to Grandma's apartment to wish me good luck. Good luck on what? Meeting waitresses? Seeing new cities? Keeping mileage down? Well, I did only the first two of those three.

Guess where we parked our car last night? Somewhere on the third floor of the building. On that same floor, they had a special Arkansas license plate that must have belong to the government, or something like that. I still had not seen any parts of California as yet. On this 14th day, we had to have an early preperation.

The latest waitress I met was named Mary Lou. I told her I was ordering bacon and tomato juice, and despite ordering fatty foods, I still managed to enjoy the trip. It wasn't as fat as an average hot dog, however. But some twelve months later, I learned that bacon had added chemicals to it.

Once again, our morning was busy, busy, busy! After checking out from the hotel, where the special guests were the University of Arkansas football team coached by Frank Broyles, we stopped at one of the stores in town. I picked up a black Flair pen, while Dad purchased some Biscos wafers. I checked the TV guide magazine to find out what edition they had. They had an all-Arkansas edition. Next, we stopped at the capitol building to take a picture of it. And, finally, we did something funny just before traveling on Interstate 40. Russ Earnhart, our neighbor, was an airplane nut. At one gas station, there was one genuine glider that was needed to get a photo of to take back home to show Russ where that chopper came from. Was Mr. Earnhart the only airplane nut in California? Of course not. In Northridge, Patrick Bertinelli might have been crazy over airplanes since he was in kindergarten. If all goes well, maybe someday, I could drop by his house and see all his airplane models. Of course, Patrick is the kid brother of "One Day At A Time" actress Valerie Bertinelli. But not in the San Fernando Valley.

Next step: go on I-40 and then not even stop until about a quarter of an hour away from the Oklahoma border. That was at a Union 76 restaurant (we didn't eat anything) to find perhaps the best way to Oklahoma City. Otherwise, it was just a bunch of C. B. stickers and postcards. For the first time in five years, I saw a N. Y. plate with tangerine numbers on a blue background. The current plates were vice-versa (blue on tangerine).

Almost everything went colorful when our Ford entered Oklahoma, including the star itself. That's the multi-colored star on the "Welcome to Oklahoma" sign. Quickly I told Dad that we would stop at Oklahoma City not only to see the state



capital, but the Cowboy Hall of Fame as well. And weird things come. Such as this song sung to the tune of the "Wabash Cannon Ball", actually called "The Oklahoma Sooners," in honor to Barry Switzer's highly rated football team.

Until our arrival in Oklahoma City, major and minor items became nullified to me. But when we arrived in Oklahoma City, there were so many memories. What the town had was such attractions as Tinker Air Force Base, the Civic Center, the National Cowboy and Softball Halls of Fame, Oklahoma Art Center and Zoo, and of course, the State Capitol Building. The town was also famous for its oil wells.

So what happened to us? Simple. I took two pictures of the Phillips 66 oil well right adjacent to the capital alone, and then the capital (without a dome on top) with the oil well together. Then a news reporter from radio station WKY (930) was asked by us, "Which way is the Cowboy Hall of Fame?" He told us that it was on 63rd Street. But that didn't help. Dad next drove us down to a Montgomery Wards department store, to see if anybody could locate the place themselves. However, I found out the bad news from one of the salesgirls: she could not know where the place was, either. Luckily, I didn't get shut out there. Mother and I stopped at Wards to pick up a pair of long-sleeved pajamas, featuring three red buttons on a set of pale blue longjohns. I must have felt too old to purchase any souvenirs concerning Tom Landry's Dallas Cowboys. Then I saw a set of crowned items that you install on your roof along with a chart that shows which cities belong to which. But all we got out of Wards was a new pair of pajamas, which was instantly an idea because I only had two pairs of pajamas for the entire trip.

But as soon as we left Montgomery Wards, Dad drove his LTD like crazy, asking person after person where we could go to a building where such famous cowboys as Gene Autry (owner of the California Angels), Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, plus many others. Unexpectedly, in the end, both parents were having a fight trying to see which was the best way to get to the Hall of Fame. And, to finish that up, Mom almost granted herself a divorce from Dad. It was the fight and divorce that soon made Dad feel so tired of going crazy, he decided to make a few turns (one where there was a factory with Borden's own Elsie the Cow on the outside). That meant simply to give up on the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.

At least, I was happy with what I got (state capital, pajamas) from Oklahoma City. To make up for the loss of not seeing the Hall of Fame, I returned back to my music spot, and another new tune was played. It was called "Disco Duck." What were its ingredients of the song? Well, the artist was Rick Dees and his Cast of Idiots. He did a two-part set on his 45 LP. Guess who was quacking all those words in the background? It was none other than Donald Duck, that's who. It promptly started its way to inventing disco records to be put in the children's section at record departments across the United States.

You think that this one page could go all the way to Texas, right? Perhaps so. We now returned to Interstate 40 and did not find anything else until we made a stop in the town of Elk City, Oklahoma. Where is Elk City? It is a town where just an hour later, you enter the state of Texas. None of us, maybe not even Donny Osmond though I had his tapes blasting from the back seat, have ever heard of Elk City, Oklahoma until we entered a restaurant there. I couldn't tell whether it was lunch or dinner. But I did order dinner because it was past 6 p.m., and lunch may have just been canteen water and junk-food Biscos wafers. It was the first time that I started to settle down and take it easy on the food.

If ordering food was so important to me, it was not. What was more important to us was meet some Jewish retirees who came to Elk City from Florida. Of course, we told them not only that we're Jewish-oriented, but also that we came from sunny California. Parts of our conversation was about Fay in moving from N. Y. to the Sunshine State (includes Miami and Tampa Bay, though California gets hot for more than 300 days a year). Our location for the evening was spotted at the backside of the fast food diner.

For artificial intrest, I picked up a cardboard featuring a 1976-77 calendar alongside with schedules of the Dallas Cowboys and Kansas City Chiefs NFL clubs. Both teams once played at the Cotton Bowl (1960-62), when the Chiefs were slated as the Dallas Texans. Both clubs had two of pro football's most popular coaches, Tom Landry of the Cowboys and Hank Stram of the Texans. When Stram's team moved to Kansas City in 1963, his team eventually won a Super Bowl. So did Landry.



In 1974, the combination finally split up when Stram was fired as the Chiefs' head coach. But in 1976, he was to return to that position with the New Orleans Saints, and things haven't been the same since.

Also in the same restaurant, I bought myself a packet of Oklahoma postcards bearing the map of the Sooner State on the front. And, with the exception of a brief stop at a Safeway Store to pick up another batch of Biscos wafers.

Pretty soon, I was to hear a ball game with the Minnesota Twins and Texas Rangers participating. Starting lineups went as follows: Twins--Randall, 2b; Brye, cf; Ford, rf; Hisle, lf; Kusick, 1b; Wynegar, dh; Terrell, 3b; Borgmann, c; Smalley, ss. Rangers--Moates, cf; Clines, lf; Hargrove, 1b; Harrah, ss; Ault, dh; Grieve, rf; Pape, 3b; Thompson, 2b; Sundberg, c. One famous name was not in the starting lineup: Rod Carew, but he did pinch-hit. He clouted a grand-slam homer to jump Minnesota to a 6-0 victory.

Other games in the American League storied New York 4, Milwaukee 2; Cleveland 4, Baltimore 3; Kansas City 6, California 5 (11 innings); Boston 5, Detroit 0; and when I went to sleep, Oakland beat Chicago 2-1. I heard several parts of the Angels-Royals game. When the Twins and Rangers were heard on WBAP, we arrived in the beautiful sunset of Texas. And it didn't take a long time to stop by a Mobil gas station, where I compared their Southwest Dist-O-Map with mine.

After leaving the gas station, I turned on to KPRC (950) in Houston, Texas, for another running game taking place at the Astrodome, where the Astros played the Reds. The Astros' announcer was Bob Prince, who broadcasted Pittsburgh Pirate games for 28 years. Prince was so popular in the Steel City, that when he returned to Three Rivers Stadium for ABC-TV's Monday Night Baseball, the Pirate fans gave him a standing ovation when his name was mentioned on the scoreboard. When I tuned to that game, I thought that Houston was leading, 3-0. By that time, we made our arrival in Amarillo, Texas. It was Dad's decision to have us sleep there.

I guess it must have been the Holiday Inn West that we chose to park our car for the night in front of all those Texas license drivers. Descriptions of the motel went like this: air conditioning, color television, phones, heated pool, pets allowed (we almost got a small puppy one day), and airport transportation. It also has a restaurant that opened from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

We managed to eat dinner that night, even though just over two hours ago, we had lunch in Elk City. There were lots of things to survive in the restaurant, including one young lass who couldn't make up her mind whether to go up or down on an elevator, and that reminded me nothing about that same situation when I was going after Steffie at Ronnie's Milwaukee wedding in 1971.

After eating all that food, the three of us went upstairs to watch what was left for us between UCLA and Arizona State on KVII-TV (Channel 7). UCLA was fresh from a Rose Bowl win over Ohio State, 23-10 in 1976, while Arizona State came off a 17-14 upset of Nebraska in the 1975 Fiesta Bowl.

Later on that night, we watched the news to learn anything special today in the city of Amarillo. While Dad watched the news, I was trying to put myself to rest by reading my "Ode to Billy Joe" book. And minutes later, all of us went to bed to make plans for the following day, where we would sleep in Gallup, New Mexico.

Friday, September 10. Texas is ranked second in area with a total of 267,339 square miles, including 4,499 square miles of water. It contains the third largest amount of population in the U. S. with a total of 11,196,730. Only California and New York square their states with bigger crowds. The Lone Star State was admitted to the union on December 29, 1845. Ironically, December 29 is the birthdate of Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, a native of Calvert, Tex. It leads all other states in such categories as oil, cattle, sheep, and cotton. It also leads the nation in counties with 254, and is the only state that was known as an independent republic.

The state of Texas is also big on famous names. In the 1977 World Almanac, famous Texans included Stephen Austin, Sam Houston (who was the man that started to get Houston to move as a city), James Bowie, J. Frank Dobie, Katharine Ann Porter, Lyndon B. Johnson, Chester Nimitz, Frank Robinson (major league baseball's first black manager), Howard Hughes (people still talked about his cases even after he died in April 1976), and Mary Martin. If I added at least two more people to the list, it would have the ingredients of one Angel and one ex-Angel. I'm referring to Gene



Autry and Farrah-Fawcett Majors. Autry, who was born in Tioga, Tex. and later starred in many cowboy movies as well as a famed country-and-western singer, is now the owner of the California Angels' baseball club. On the other hand, Farrah-Fawcett, a native of Corpus Christi, was later to star in ABC-TV's new show, "Charlie's Angels," in which I already predicted that that would be an instant hit. Several months later, I was right. Farrah became America's No. 1 sex symbol, adored more fans than Marilyn Monroe. Posters, jigsaw puzzles, buttons, paperback books, even water faucet jewelry, were on sale everywhere. Her attraction got so hot, I soon felt "Oh, no's!" coming to my head, and every time her name was mentioned, I got embarrassed! I just hoped that something had to be done to sickening Farrah. On February, after getting bombed by all that blonde hair and white teeth of hers, I was stunned but then happy to see Farrah tell Aaron-Spelling Productions that she was quitting the show for a full-time movie career. I soon hoped that after her departure, I hoped that "Charlie's Angels" would be cancelled. But there was only one way to cancel it, and that was to stop watching the program myself.

Why did I mention about Texas so big? Because of a "memorable event" that I did on the 15th day of our vacation trip. It all started with us making another early-morning packing for the umpteenth time. Next step, go downstairs and sit down at the breakfast table. Third step was to look at the menu and see what I wanted for that particular morning. But my breakfast was to be more than ordinary. I decided upon the Amarillo Style Farmers Breakfast, and that included blueberry pancakes, sausage, tomato juice and French toast. It seemed that everybody got concerned for what I ordered. People thought that I would eat all that stuff in an hour. Some would say that only citizens 50 years and over would have a Farmers' Breakfast. But I proved them all wrong. I did manage to eat every bit of that large breakfast within 20 minutes, and all was not bad, maybe except the ingredients of it. According to my book Food & Drink Counter, the averages to country-style sausage were as indicated: 114 grams of weight, 393 calories, 17.2 grams of protein, 35.4 grams of fat, no carbohydrates, and sodium, but it looked somewhat like a high number. At least, pancakes had less fat than French toast or sausage, but if you added oil or butter to them, the gram numbers would add up in a hurry.

After that great breakfast in Amarillo, we started off the morning with more country music. Passing by a sign that mentioned that fans could see the Amarillo Gold Sox-Shreveport Captains Texas League playoff game, where the series was then tied at 1-1. Both teams had the day off. But not an Amarillo disc-jockey on the playing of Dolly Parton's smashing single, "All I Can Do."

Only one other Disto-Map city on the list was necessary to pass by. Ever heard of Vega, Texas? Vega had less than 5,000 people at that time. But Vega was very little of importance as of now. What's more important was when we came to be in New Mexico, the Land of Enchantment.

Very shortly after arriving in our 21st state of the trip, Dad found a rest area, where one N. M. highway patrol vehicle was parked at. I tasted their water at the drinking fountain and experienced a bitter taste. The fountain's pipe water came all the way from south of the border in Mexico. No wonder Mexico had always been a hot spot to go. In fact, I had been to Mexico twice—in 1970 and in 1974. The '70 trip saw Mom, Dad, Evonne and I went to Tijuana, where I shuffled my feet. With Uncle Ben and Aunt Bevy joining us, I went on to buy a key chain at Ensenada in '74. Of course, the weather got extremely hot, but it was adventurous.

We didn't waste time to find another place somewhere in the vicinity of Clines Corners and Albuquerque, where I looked around at all those souvenirs and tried to see what I wanted there today. They had tea sets, jewelry, postcards, cowboy hats, even a vending machine where you had 22 different selections. That 22 reminded me of the present number of teams organized in the NBA. It was called Tom's vending machine, the same name for the ones at San Diego's Bahia Inn. I also learned that on one empty box, a new potato chip name occurred to me. It was called Red Seal. Actually, that wasn't a new brand of potato chip since New Mexico used that name for our own Laura Scudder's potato chips. I could care less for P. C.'s now since I learned that not only it was a junk food, but also had more than 22 grams of fat if you put two ounces into your mouth.

Within 15-20 minutes, I made my decision on what I was to buy, and that was



my first cowboy hat ever. When I put it on, I said that I looked like Chuck Tanner. I didn't know if my parents bought anything themselves.

When we came to New Mexico, our first job was to turn our clocks for Mountain Standard Time. I also expected to see more New Mexico drivers, by miles, than out-of-towners. Not quite, as the hometown license plates (with the Zia symbols and its slogan, "Land of Enchantment") didn't exactly set New Mexico on fire. People from other portions of the West Coast simply came to town for their own pleasure.

It's around 11:00 a.m., I now tuned in to KOB (770) in Albuquerque, N. M., and heard two other hits. One was a new single recorded by the Bay City Rollers called "I Only Wanna Be With You," and the other being Lobo's "A Dog Named Boo." A five-to-eight year old kid wouldn't boo the latter song. He would cheer for the artist's name just because the University of New Mexico's school nickname happens to turn out to become the Lobos. And the University of New Mexico is located in our next stop, Albuquerque. A couple of years ago, I dreamed up a similar tune to Fiddler on the Roof's "Anatevka," and I found it! The imaginary theme went like this: "We're goin' to Albuquerque, Albuquerque..." Weird, but pleasant.

What did we do in Albuquerque? First of all, we had to make an important stop at K-Mart. How come so important. A few reasons would solve it all. First of all, I realized that it was Friday already, and school was less than 72 hours away. Second, I didn't have a new school folder that I was to take back to Loara H. S. on Monday. So, I went in and bought a solid blue Organizer, because Nancy Loy didn't want to see me at 8:15 a.m. Monday morning without a school folder. I was glad that she forbidded Pee-Chees, since they could rip up quickly in wet weather. As usual, I checked their TV Guides to find out what New Mexico's edition turned out to be. Interesting, very interesting. New Mexico's edition not only featured gorgeous Gallup and adorable Albuquerque, but it also had Channel 5 and Channel 13 stations from Los Angeles. That's where I started to feel California. Albuquerque was only 819 miles away from Los Angeles. Also on sale were Donny & Marie records, which I didn't want to buy despite my support of Donny Osmond. The album, in purple background, was titled "Donny & Marie: Featuring Songs From Their Television Show." I wanted to feel that there were better singers than Donny, and Albuquerque teenagers could buy his albums.

Across the parking lot from the K-Mart store, Dad wanted to stop by that drive-in restaurant, but I felt like trying not to eat for at least six to eight hours following my Amarillo Style Farmers Breakfast.

I was glad about the AAA Arizona-New Mexico listing Old Town as a key point to Albuquerque, because when we got there, the whole place was marvelous! It was a fabulous art center, a la San Luis Obispo. We shopped from store to store until one caught our eyes. In that one, they sold earrings of every state available, most of them being New Mexico. They also had an Albuquerque Dukes' Pacific Coast League 1976 schedule that was already in expiration. Albuquerque is a farm club of the Los Angeles Dodgers. The most important thing I wanted in Old Town was jewelry like everybody else. And I finally got it; Indian jewelry with artificial turquoise coloring on the front panel. I decided to myself, "I would not start wearing jewelry right away until it is a day old."

In the balance of Old Town, I was asked to take a picture of Mother standing next to a variety of Indians selling a collection of Indian jewelry. I did that. You'll never believe how much turquoise was on display. Elsewhere in that beautiful section of Spanish-style shops and galleries, I saw a map that somewhat mentioned a history of California.

Our stay lasted almost an hour, but I would be glad to come back to Old Town and Albuquerque someday, but with whom? That might come in the 1980's or so. Traveling on Federal Highway No. 66 and Interstate 40, and almost three hours since removing ourselves from New Mexico's largest city, we finally made it to Gallup. Back in April, Dad came home from Gold-Pak one day and gave us an envelope with a batchful of papers listed from Gallup, New Mexico. He also recommended to stop by that city to visit with his friend, Catuno. On the paper situation, the Gallup envelope included community profiles, medical services and facilities, climatological data, trade area sheet, housing, taxes and utility rates, city map, N. M. state highway department for 1975, employment information, Gallup churches, facts



on Gallup, statistical information on Gallup and McKinley County, economy, and their public schools. Also contained in the envelope were its brochures of "This is Gallup," "Navajoland U. S. A.," "Discover New Mexico," "Ya-Ta-Hay Welcome to Gallup," "Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial," and "Land of Cibola."

Now that we made it to where Dad made up his mind on, we could now eat lunch. But where? In a city that uses yellow backboards in New Mexico instead of Army green on traffic lights, we tried Restaurant No. 1. But the bathrooms were filled with unhealthy sinks and puffs of cigarette smoke. If I am correct, even the men's toilet seat was broken. That reminded me of Loara High School, where the boys' bathrooms absorbed the same difficulty (about smoking cigarettes). The restaurant's girls' bathroom too had tars and nicotines all over. Our next restaurant also was no good for us, even though they had good menus. But they were closed for the day. Mom proved to us that only one place had a sensible restaurant (no closings, and no messy bathrooms), and that was the Holiday Inn. I hoped that it was sort of like a light lunch I ate there. While my parents and I ate our meal, across the table sat an old man in his 70's along with two old ladies. In front of them he ate a cereal bowl of Kellogg's Sugar Frosted Flakes. And he read the sports section in front of his female senior citizens. The question is: could I overcome an Amarillo Style Farmers Breakfast and talk to other people, too?

Meanwhile, the weather was sunny, and we took as much from the LTD as we could. I asked Dad if I wanted to go swimming for the first time on our entire trip, because for the first time, I felt like swimming in the pool. But my big chance was denied when Dad told us that Catuno would come at 5:00 p.m. to pick us up. So, instead of going swimming, I decided to sit by the pool and get a chance to talk to everyone else. I was to fall into the chlorine water in South Dakota, but it never happened as I scored 0-for-1 in the pool.

When Catuno came over to pick us up, we asked him where he was born. He said, "I was born right here in Gallup, and I lived here all my life." Catuno had brought his wife and kids along with him.

Now that we made it to his house. But who were the best people that I could talk to? His kids, of course. I told them about the different starting times of the football games between one high school in California and another in New Mexico. Of course, I had a discussion with the kids about my nephew Danny, my niece Rebecca, where and when Sammy and Joshy was born. Speaking of school, I even told them on what I might be taking at Loara the upcoming Monday.

Catuno's wife soon served dinner, and I didn't mind eating it alone, so that I could get to reading the sports section of Gallup, New Mexico. In one photo I saw Bucky Dent slide in a game at Oakland the previous night. But the most interesting part I read came from White Sox Owner Bill Veeck, who planned to be using 53-year-old Minnie Minoso on Saturday as a designated hitter.

At the end of din-din, it was back to Star and her brothers in the T. V. room, where I read their magazines and heard the boys tell jokes to me, Star get on my back, etc. Finally, at 7:00 p.m. MST on KOAT-TV (Channel 7) from Albuquerque, it was time to watch the Jimmy Osmond Special. When Jimmy got introduced, the vociferous crowd of teenage girls (you would find not too many boys) screamed for that occasion, though most of them would yell, "Donny! Donny! Donny!" Speaking of Donny, he made his appearance by singing Paul Anka's "Puppy Love." Unfortunately, he wound up getting hung from the ceiling! Jimmy's show was about the key to new Saturday morning cartoons. One was called "Jabberjaw," which was very much named after my cousin's (Richie Dreyfuss) movie, "Jaws." Other rookie programs were christened "Krofft Supershow" and "Electra Woman & Dyna Girl (Susan Lanier)." Was it the same Susan Lanier who played Bambi Foster, the blonde from Lubbock, Texas, from "Welcome Back, Kotter"? Oh well, there also was a special feature on "Super Friends." The saddest part of the show when Jimmy's sister, Marie, saw enough of his special and therefore yanked Jimmy away because she felt that even a 14-year-old host needed hours and hours of beddy-bye.

Soon it was our turn to leave Catuno's house. To end our night there, I went to the piano and played "Deep Purple" and the theme from the "California Angels" ball club.



Once we got back to the hotel, I turned on the television set and found a high school football game. Well, it must have been the first week of high school already in New Mexico. California would start on Monday. At halftime, the station brought me ABC Information Radio News, where I always thought that announcer-reporter Dan Streeter would always say at the end of each broadcast, "That's the news. Hear news of the hour on the hour throughout the day on American Information Radio! A service of ABC News." But Streeter changed his sentence from "throughout the day" to "around the clock." The TV set showed several clocks containing the time, barometric pressure, precipitation, winds, humidity and temperature.

Friday night's baseball scoreboard went like this: in the American League, Detroit 1, Boston 0, short-handed to five innings by rain; Texas 5, Oakland 4 in a 10-inning marathon; Minnesota 18, Kansas City 6, an embarrassing night for the Royals; California 3, Chicago 2, as Nolan Ryan struck out 18 batters for the Angels; New York 6, Milwaukee 4; and Baltimore 4, Cleveland 3. On the National League card-board, Chicago 3, Philadelphia 2; Montreal 4, Pittsburgh 2; Cincinnati went on to beat San Francisco 4-1; and New York trounced St. Louis, 4-3. Postponed games were Houston at San Diego (doubleheader) and Atlanta at Los Angeles (single game). Very seldom do the Dodgers ever get rained out in Los Angeles. In fact, they only had two experienced rainouts (April 21, 1967 vs. St. Louis and April 12, 1976 vs. San Diego) prior to the one on September 10, 1976. In fact, I did have plans to see that game just because Atlanta had a bunch of ex-Dodgers on their ball club (Wynn, Marshall, Paciorek, Messersmith and Royster). How come the Dodgers get rained out on the California field? I did not know.

Dad felt like watching a movie himself on Los Angeles TV station KTLA (Channel 5), so I let him do that. It was about this one guy who looked like he was in his 20's, and had a reputation of being a **scaredycat** when it came to fighting. Then a Hollywood-type blonde girl tried a special trick on him to make himself prove that he would beat the ol' champ. How did she do it? By using dance steps. As I got into my new pajamas I acquired from Oklahoma City, I watched her give him every dancing step before he finally got it. When the fights began, the scaredycat did manage one **punch** on the champ, and everybody cheered. Punch after punch was taken between the challenger until the challenger finally scored a knockout for his 1st boxing win ever. Then it was off to St. Paul for him and he listened to the girl's directions every time he got into the ring, and in St. Paul and every other city, he wound up being an instant hero. The king is dead. Long live the angel.

I didn't remember seeing too many of the Southern California commercials in another state, but one happened to have an advertisement on a shoe sale.

So while one family from Colorado got in and out several times before everything was settled down, I decided to go to bed myself and have pleasant dreams, because when we had been at Canuto's house, Canuto said that there was a Navajo Festival Parade at Window Rock, Arizona the next day. Canuto eventually took us back to the hotel in his car.

Saturday, September 11. Good moring, world! How are you, today? What was today? Sure, it's the 16th day of our vacation trip, but since home was less than 700 miles away from home, could we do it all in one day? We'd simply find out. I came off an incredible day on eating so much food in the morning, I even went on to eat my dessert at the Holiday Inn the night before.

Under the directions of Canuto, we had to eat breakfast very early that morning. No, I managed to eat a small meal that time. I would save other foods for later. That way, I tried to cut down on foods for what could be our last day on the 1976 summer vacation trip.

Since Canuto did not arrive with his kids yet, I got to take a look at the souvenir shop, where even the glass windows went crazy about America's bicentennial. It showed 50 U. S. Postage stamps, each showing a state flag in the order of our union. I said it two years before, that when I learned about Canada manufacturing their provincial and territorial stamps nearly a decade earlier, I predicted that someday, the United States would salute a stamp to every state of the union, with Delaware included. Now they decided to make those fifty state flags in honor of the Bicentennial. On the other side of that same glass window, they showed a display of \$2 bills, in honor of the Declaration of Independence.



Inside the place was fashionable, too. On display were tee-shirts, bumper stickers, key chains, magazines, pennants, even View-Master films concerning New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Although we failed to buy anything inside, the store was a great adventure to look at!

Then we had to wait until a handful of minutes after 9 a.m. before Canuto finally brought his kids and his automobile so that we could follow him to his house in order to pick up his wife. Quickly after everybody stucked together, we took our two cars and headed for Window Rock, Arizona. It was so easy to get there: it alomst took ten minutes to arrive in Arizona, and the first city is Window Rock. However, you wouldn't go on I-40 to make it.

At press time, the first Navajo Festival Parade event would arrive at 10:00 a. m. So what we did was park our two cars where Fed Mart Center stood. The crowd was so large, they needed the Arizona, New Mexico and Navajo cops attend the parade for traffic, not for fun. Some people could talk to the police about the parade after it had ended. One fan was attired in a brand new Tampa Bay Bucs' T-shirt, maybe because he thought that his favorite team would pull an upset in Houston tomorrow. After a delay of almost an hour, the parade finally got started.

And how it got started! There were Indian calls in what started Dad in making imitations out of those Indians almost every time I mentioned Window Rock. They yelled, "Hay-yay-yay-yay! Hay-yay-yay-yay! Hay-yay-yay-yay!" I took a snapshot of that for memory. The Indians got dressed up in pioneer outfits: feathers on their headbands, moccasins on their feet, teenage boys playing their tom-toms, and so on. Other Kodak photos I have taken showed more delicate beauty than the one involving the Indians. There was an old-fashioned wagon carrying Rosie Tsosie of Kayenta, who was Miss Navajo 1976. Another float contained Miss Navajo Chinle. A third cute picture came from a few kindergartners sitting on top of their lovely float with several pumpkins set on it. The float was designated as "Festival in Navajoland," and it too, featured a young, Miss Navajo. Yes, Window Rock put together its own Girl Scout Organization in order to participate in today's festival. Naturally, I got a photo of the green, white and brown uniforms. It looked like that it was the start of "Miss" Day at that rate. The rate continued on as a flock of Blue Angels marched through the crowd now. I also snapshot that one, but I lost it since I was just maturing in Mr. Lockridge's Photo One classroom. At least, it wasn't all femalemania I was taking on my camera.

How right I was, as far as the parade was concerned. Several times, there were Indians who threw lollipops into the crowd of minors, and several times, I wanted a purple lollipop, because purple was my #1 color. I couldn't remember what pop color I actually got, but it tasted good. There also was one rock group who played Gary Wright's 1975 number, "Your Heart Is On Fire." All in a sentence, I loved every minute of it, which included the lollipop tosses.

Fifteen minutes since Navajo's festival expired, we went into Fed Mart Center, for my first appearance at any Fed Mart since October, 1974, when Mrs. Mallory took her classroom to buy supplies and food for our campout at Anaheim's Featherly Regional Park. Window Rock's Fed Mart was different, however. They had a cafeteria where you could buy your lunch and take it out. Eventually, I bought my lunch to eat on the way home, if home was the correct word. Most important of all, I needed new underwear, where I hoped to find size 20. They did not. But not supplying size 20 underwear didn't exactly mean that I wouldn't obtain new briefs at all. Dad, who wears size 36, said that 30 happened to be my waistline. Still confused, I took the 30's from Fed Mart while Canuto and his gang bought their own list of needies. Maybe someday, I would really wear a size 30 of anything, but 20 is considered my best number for now.

After a glance at the record section, it was time to say goodbye to Canuto, Star, and the rest of the clan, so that just us three would try to look for bigger and better prospects.

One prospect came from my radio, whose earplug just broke, and I had habits like that before. My radio played a new hit by the Steve Miller Band, which was titled, "Keep On-A-Rockin' Me." As we found I-40, the best parts on the new tune went from "Phoenix, Arizona; all the way to Tacoma, Philadelphia, Atlanta, L. A." I could care less if Miller preferred Northern California over Texas, because he's got privacy.



Stops in Arizona came by the number. In '75, all we saw in the Grand Canyon State was beautiful mountains. But in '76, some had to be careful and might be called "lookouts." Depot No. 1 came at a toll booth, and Dad knows what to do when we get to one. Our next stop came near Holbrook, where I tried to get grape pop from a soda machine. I didn't get that, anyway. But Mom wanted to stop at that place for about 15 minutes to view all the beauty of Indian items, including blankets and possibly totem poles. The outside was shaped into an Indian tepee. Replacing soda and jewelry, I purchased ice cream to eat on the way. Dad must have stopped at Holbrook for a fill-up of gasoline.

And about 90 minutes later, at around 3:00 or before, we stopped at a rest area in Flagstaff, Arizona, where one man told us what just happened in Southern California. We absorbed our first flood at home since 1939, and what a big one it was! About four inches of rain fell down on Los Angeles, and because it was going pitter-patter all day, the Dodgers were forced not to play last night. The California flood continued on today, and one thing was for sure: the Dodgers' doubleheader with an Atlanta team was rained out again. Down in Phoenix, where CBS-TV's new show, "Alice," was to be taking place at, Arizona's largest city just showered Phoenixians with puddles and puddles of water, the man also told us. As soon as California gave the state its largest amount of precipitation in 37 years, it has been water-drought ever since. At the same rest area was a map of Flagstaff which showed its way to Phoenix. Of course, we talked to that man about how long this string of vacation days would last. Forever? Surely not.

But five minutes later, we made one more stop at Flagstaff, because Mom declared herself by going to the bathroom, which was minor to me.

Now I wanted to relax, sit back, take it easy, go one step at a time, and have use of my five senses if I could. Hearing: ABBA's "Mamma Mia," one of my favorite Italian songs of 1976, or since the Bertinelli era has begun. Seeing: a long batch of railroad trains to my left, and a New York car with a Buffalo Sabres' bumper sticker, on my right. Straight at dead center was Interstate 40. Two senses out of five wasn't bad. I hoped that we did not want a second lunch, due to too much flexibility.

But then we came to a town called Williams, Arizona at approximately 4:45 p.m., Mountain Standard Time. I hoped that our stop at Williams would be a casual one, because I was afraid that I might end up running into an embarrassment. Matter of fact, I just happened not only to do so, but to meet it too. What got me embarrassed in Williams?

Was it because of one false move and we'd be heading for the Grand Canyon? No, not at all. Williams is Arizona's best way to go straight ahead to Grand Canyon National Park. But we never brought that subject up at all. If we did, I would get nervous about those high points.

Did the name of the city bug me? Not frankly. The town was named for Bill Williams, who was an early trapper and guide. I knew two people in Anaheim who carried that last name, one of them who I've known personally. There was Dick Williams, who led the California Angels to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cellar-place finishes in his tenure. Dick is now manager of the Montreal Expos, and that's whom R. O. P. Printing teacher Ed Wright looked like to me. His assistant, Vicki Williams, was the one person I met and is now married. Vicki is now an ex-R. O. P. person.

How about when Dad couldn't make up his mind on which gas station to stop by? On that question, I was a far cry from getting bombed. First, Dad wanted to fill his pump up at Mobil, then changed his mind and wanted to go to Chevron. He even did not want to stop anywhere in Williams at all. But, for his final choice, Dad wanted to go for Mobil gasoline and perhaps an oil change.

Did my mind worry about watching the Pittsburgh-Notre Dame game at all? Not at all. I've been a sports supporter since 1973, or long before that, and I could watch or hear a sports event anytime I wanted to. Details about the Panthers-Irish contest comes later in this story.

Was it when Dad decided to stop at A & W Root Beer's Drive-In? Almost. At the front counter, I decided to order a milk shake, a filet-o-fish sandwich, and an order of french fries. No memories on what Dad wanted himself, and I hoped that we'd worry only about ourselves and nobody else. But something did happen, in what made me feel like it was nervous time.



Did I get embarrassed when two girls wanted me to come over to them? Yes, that's when I felt myself as a bashful person. They asked me to come over and say something to them, at least a "Hi!" I actually felt so embarrassed, I just wanted to get to Dad right away and wait for my order. But then I went to the jukebox so that I could look for a Fleetwood Mac hit. However, I soon left that alone and found out that the girls, with one from Phoenix and the other from Idaho, wanted to see me more than before, it reminded me of the song, "Indiana Wants ME." One place that can get me into more bombs than Arizona is Indiana. Under that song, not only is there an Indianapolis, Indiana, but there is a Williams, Indiana, too!

In personality form, the girls could remind me of Julie Varley and Dori Smalley (who got things started by writing sweet notes in my yearbook), or Mackenzie and Valerie (you know who), or any other combos you could make up! I was more worried if I got asked seriously if either the Phoenix or Idaho resident would ask me on a date! If I did, maybe they could listen to me give directions on how to get back to La Habra, California. What if the girls shared one small car and know the whole story about Orange County? Where would the money come from? What if they wanted to take me to Idaho, where my parents once lived? What about Nancy Loy, who stopped at the very same A & W root beer stand two years before my discovery of the young ladies, having me back in school by Monday?

Here are some answers. If the girls knew the way to Orange County, and for sure knew about La Habra, I would ask my parents if it was necessary for me to do such a thing like that. If all was well, I must leave my stuff in the Ford LTD and try to enjoy a good ride home. How about money? What I'd do is ask my parents for a \$10 bill if we were to stop at any restaurant until I get home. And I happen to be very capable of taking care of myself--if I listen. If the girls forced me to go to Idaho with them, I would look for routes in order to get to Moscow, so that I could show them what they do, how people are treated, etc. That's where Nancy comes in the picture. If the girls and I came to Moscow on Sunday, I'd take it one day at a time and give her permission to be absent from school because I might not be home in time for the start of school. So, for a vacation trip that saw me in La Habra, Provo, North Platte, Oak Park, Du Bois, Rego Park, Bayside, Lionville, Dayton, Little Rock, Amarillo and Gallup, could have seen me travel with two pretty girls since coming to Williams.

All of that really didn't happen, although I may want to do such stuff like that in 1986 or even 1981. I eventually told the girls about how floody Los Angeles and Phoenix were as Paul McCartney & Wings' "Let 'Em In" (later James Taylor's "Shower The People With Love") were playing in the background. I also told them about my parents who used to live in Idaho. There could be a better way to know those girls by giving names to each other, except that it never occurred. My fries never occurred, either, as the clerk failed to hear my order of entirety.

Although it took just fifteen minutes to leave Williams, it seemed more like forever. But at 16, I was old enough to date, and if either one of the two girls actually wanted to date me, and out of California, I should not panic, because boys get nervous from time to time.

Now back on I-40, I tuned to Lou Boda's World of Sports for concentration on South Bend, Ind. Pittsburgh just beat Notre Dame 31-10 as future Heisman Trophy winner Tony Dorsett carried the ball 22 times for a total of 181 yards. The Irish suffered only their fourth home-opener loss since the turn of the century. Still we haven't decided if this was our final day of the long journey.

Some 2½ hours later, we made a stop at Kingman, Arizona, where at the Holiday Inn it was dinnertime once again, for sure our final dinner in a place other than Orange County. Still, with lots of zing in my life, I added a fried chicken dinner to it. Jennifer, our waitress, served the dinner in a place where the people saved energy by keeping the lights dim. I said that it would be the last food that I would be eating all trip long. That statement was correct. I was unable to complete my dinner at Kingman, so Dad wanted to put that in a doggie bag to take home and heat it up. I now hoped that I could feel good the rest of the way home.

Meanwhile, Mom and I went into our last souvenir shop so that I could read a few articles on the Los Angeles Times, which included Southern California's worst flooding in 37 years. I also read in a sports portion about an NBA trade. In that peculiar deal, Nate Archibald, basketball's wizard in Kansas City, got sent to the



New York Nets in exchange for Brian Taylor, Jim Eakins, and first-round 1977 and 1978 draft choices.

When we left the hotel, Dad stopped at another gas station, and I picked up a soda. But when I returned to our Ford, a decision has been made by going back home that night. Dad's one stop for filling his tank up would also be his last for the trip. Had we stayed in Kingman, Arizona, we'd get home around noon, unpack everything, and relax. But I would only have 20 hours left to recuperate from a long, 6,000-mile vacation. Since we wanted to visit Bobby & Ruthie's in Yorba Linda, it would give me even a shorter time to see my current home. However, Dad proved that there was no such word as "can't," so home we went.

Back to my old radio, I would say. I listened all night long hearing the Astros-Padres second game of a doubleheader from San Diego, with Bob Prince at the helm. In the first segment, Randy Jones won his 21st in a 4-1 thriller. I turned on the second game, where Houston led 2-1 (final score). Otherwise, I heard the USC-Missouri game with John Robinson making his debut as football coach of the Trojans. I heard the game, with the Missouri Tigers winning, 46-25 at the Coliseum, on KNX (1070). Soon, it was a familiar sports voice on KFWB (980), one whose name was Joe Keller.

My parents were glad to get back to California at around 11:00 to 11:30 p.m. Not me. All that chicken I ate in Kingman made me feel sick after returning to where I belonged. I had something like diarrhea. Oh, how awful I felt!

Sunday, September 12. That was to be the actual date I would get back to see such neighbors as Marge Earnhart, Betty Harmon, Arlene Kovacs, Kim Chadwick, Diane Levin, Joanne Stouffer, Carol Ott, Anita Gould, Randy Ulrich, plus many of our wonderful friends on Laura Street.

I needed to stop at a bathroom in order to get rid of diarrhea. Where did our car pull into? Barstow, the same city where I ate pancakes and drank my first glass of tomato juice. Since then, I felt better, but Dad had to struggle his way to return to the All-America City. He had to surpass signs which just warned other speedy drivers of the California flood the state just gave to those Los Angeles folks. I was on my way to eyesight of the Orange 57 Freeway, where Anaheim Stadium was. And at 12:40 a.m., we finally made it to 701 N. Laura St. after 16 days of traveling, although it actually took 17 to do it.

What did I do since I got back home? Well, I heard KFWB Sports for a second time as soon as I plugged in my clock radio. Nothing else much was to be done, however, the fact that it was dark outside. Like my brother Robert used to say, "You can do it in the morning."

It was to be a busy morning, in fact. While watching the Los Angeles Rams-Atlanta Falcons game on Channel 2 (KNXT, Los Angeles), we had to unpack almost every item from our car. As expected, we gave our Pennsylvania souvenirs to the Earnharts. It was to be the start of "recuperating day." And at the time we did start making space for our automobile, school was just 22 hours around the corner!

At 11:00 a.m., on KTLA (Channel 5), it was the Angels and White Sox with Don Drysdale and Dave Niehaus as the announcers and Minnie Minoso in the starting lineup for Bill Veeck's Chicago crew. But then we headed off for Bobby's home in Yorba Linda. How was that done? It's easy as ABC. We made a right turn on Francis, another right on Palm, followed by a right on La Habra-Central-State College Blvd. Then a left turn on Lambert which took us to Orange 57 Freeway, and we knew the rest of the directions for several years now. One of the best ways to recognize Yorba Linda was pass by such sites as California Donuts, Texaco, and B & B Chevrolet, where you're on your way to 4091 Denver Ave., home of my tax brother.

By then I soon learned that the White Sox already edged the Angels, 2-1, on a 10th inning double by catcher Brian Downing. In sports events that happened later on that day, Chicago was to beat California in the second game, 5-1. When I had learned that Minnesota handed the Saints their ninth season-opening loss in 10 years, 40-9, NBC Sportscaster Curt Gowdy said, "Mr. Hank Stram, off to a rocky start for New Orleans."

But when we came to Yorba Linda, I had noticed about how we came to that Orange County city. We used the same freeway which took us to Las Vegas, and beyond. It seemed like us three would go to New York, or even start a second vacation trip. Unfortunately, it would take me the whole summer to do it. In



er words, once is enough, plentiful enough. A second time would take years of doing.

I bet that Sammy and Joshy were delighted to see us again. What would have happened if they happened to be with us on a trip that reminded me of having us appear in that just like shooting a movie? That meant people would know us more than ever, and we could make money for having us seen by the American fans in box offices nationwide. After all, my cousin Richard Dreyfuss had experienced such movies as American Graffiti, where he got to know Mackenzie Phillips (born in Alexandria, Va.), and Jaws.

Eventual things did happen just as soon as we came back. First of all, Dori Smalley, who was a classmate of mine at Mister Kimble's classroom of Driver's Ed, departed for another high school for one year. I changed radio station faves on September 18 by hearing Deep Purple on KGIL by Donny & Marie Osmond when I should have heard Nebraska football. I also felt that a change of entertainers was made, so on October 4th, at 6:00 a.m., Donny Osmond was no longer in the No. 1 spot. Valerie Bertinelli took over since learning about her native Delaware. The list just went on and on.

We still did manage one final place to go to that year, on November 20, and that came at San Luis Obispo. Nancy Loy came to our house at 3:30 in the morning, because that the Central California city turned out to be her birthday present. It was Nancy's 25th birthday.

More important, I came to San Luis Obispo for an adventure of Graphics-Printing. It was a bit harder up there than it was in Ed Wright's classroom. After time expired for the printing situation, I went inside Mission San Luis Obispo where I made a silly comment ("There's nothing Jewish here!"). At the end of our day, several National Geographic books, plus one Arithmetic book were purchased.

Thank you, parents for having the best times of my life. I might like to do it again someday, only this time with my own mate should things ever get settled down. Of course, I would be capable of handling that.

THE END